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From Publisher—To You

SINCE Judge Lindsey, of Denver, published his book on Companionate Marriage and began lecturing on the subject practically every one has heard something about it. Judge Lindsey, however, wants to go further than merely writing and talking. He wants to see the changes he proposed put into practice. A few days ago he is reported as saying that he is in favor of Governor Smith for the Presidency provided the Governor does not let his religion dictate his attitude toward marriage and birth control.

SINCE this is so, it is only fair to examine seriously the facts on which Judge Lindsey bases his case for change. Of these facts, scientific birth control is the first. Is there such a thing? And is it a good thing? Some people say yes; some say no. In this issue we print an article by one of those who say no—Dr. Joseph Collins, New York physician and author.

SINCE, admittedly, the whole subject is one on which opinions may differ widely, we shall publish other papers on this and other aspects of Judge Lindsey's proposals until a clear and intelligent view of the whole thing is possible.

IN the meantime we recommend a perusal of Fred Eastman's account of the work of "Bell of the Iron Range"—as his "sky pilot" is usually known. It is some years since we personally sat in Bell's small office in the Minnesota iron country. But we know that Dr. Eastman does not overstate Bell's achievement. There seems to be no end to man's variety in point of view.

F. R. B.

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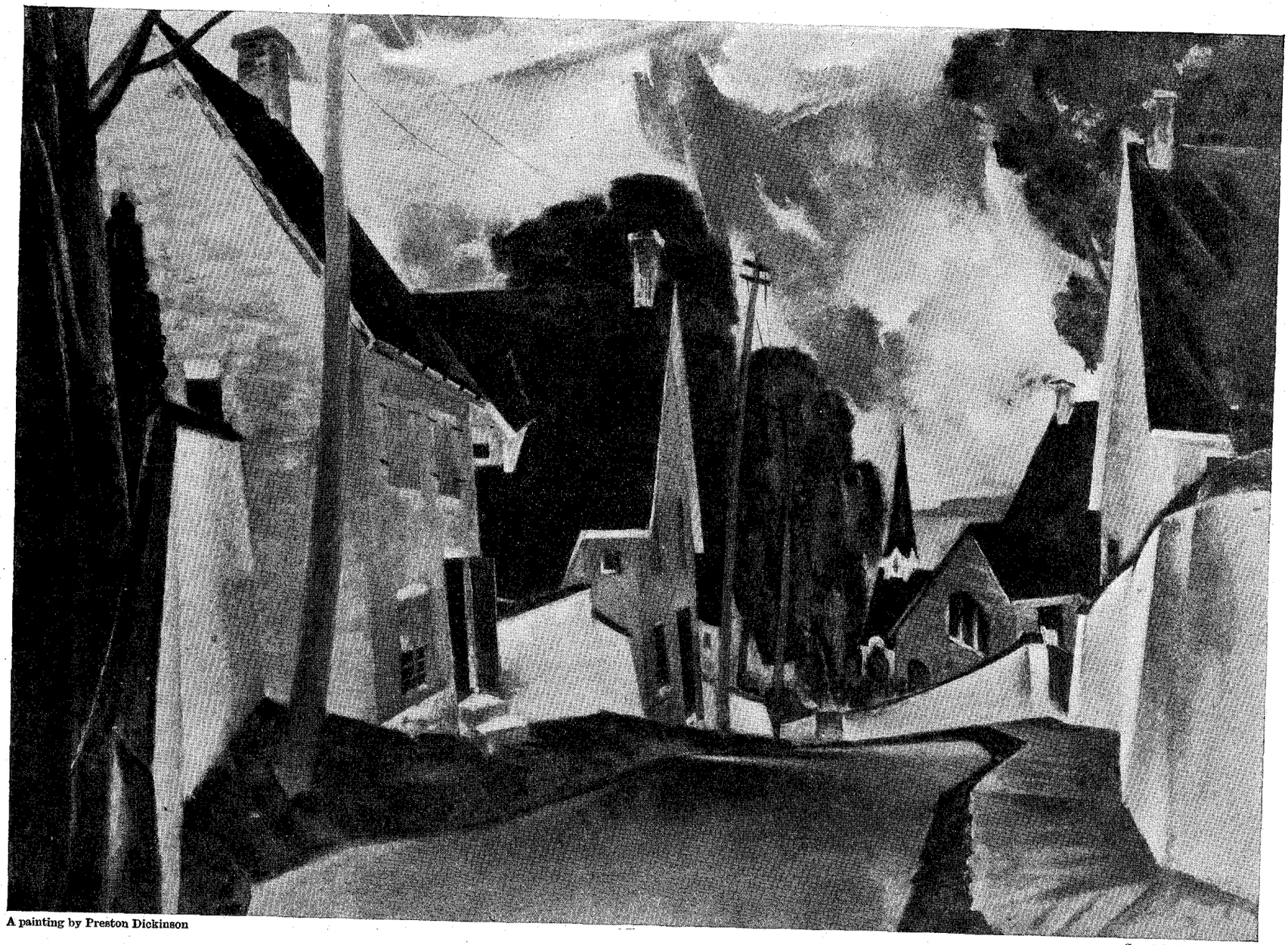

A painting by Preston Dickinson

Courtesy Daniel Gallery

This picture of a Northern coast town, by a notable American modern, is full of drama, ably painted, and interesting in its arrangement of sharply defined black and white shapes

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The Outlook

Volume 147 December 21, 1927 Number 16

THE WEEK

The Navy and the President

OVERSHADOWING for the time being what the President said in his Message about the Navy is the Navy officials' plan for the building of twenty-six new cruisers, three airplane carriers, five fleet submarines, and eighteen destroyer leaders, besides battleship replacements, over a period of five years. Of these items the largest is that for modern 10,000-ton cruisers. As thus stated the program seems very great. But viewed year by year it does not seem quite so extraordinary. It will certainly not supply us with enough cruisers to make our cruiser strength correspond to the battleship ratio of 5–5–3 established between ourselves, Great Britain, and Japan by the Washington Treaty. In order to make our cruiser strength correspond to Great Britain's we should have to build twenty cruisers in three years. This will give us about fifteen. It therefore cannot be called a competitive program in any sense.

This program complies thoroughly with what the President said in his Message: "This country has put away the Old World policy of competitive armaments. . . . We know now"—that is, after the Naval Conference at Geneva which failed of agreement—"that no agreement can be reached which will be inconsistent with a considerable building program on our part. . . . The failure to agree should not cause us to build either more or less than we otherwise should."

These words of the President should make clear what the purpose of any naval program is which he may approve. It is to supply a deficiency in our Navy which was caused by the policy of letting our natural naval development lapse while waiting to see what the result of a naval conference on cruisers would be. If the present program seems large, it is because there is need of making up for lost time.

Of course Congress will scrutinize this program, as it ought to scrutinize it. In determining naval policy the civil arm should be supreme. But the needs of our Navy are obvious. As the President says, our Navy "is a guaranty of peace and security at home, and when it goes abroad it is an instrument for the protection of the legal rights of our citizens under international law, a refuge in time of disorder, and always the servant of world peace."

By its action in providing for the elevation of guns on two of our battleships the House of Representatives has indicated its readiness to strengthen the Navy.

Naval strength need not mean naval rivalry.

Sane and Safe Air Commerce

JUST how far should the National Government regulate aviation? Inter-State commerce, trade promotion, the air mail, safety—all admittedly enter into the problem. It is natural, on the other hand, that builders, engineers, and companies carrying on commerce and transporting passengers by air should have the fear that Government may clog and hinder while trying to help.

The conference lately held at Washington did much to bring about a common understanding. Thus Mr. Frank P. Bell, head of an air line which carries mail from the Pacific Northwest to Salt Lake City, said: "MacCracken has been a godsend to us fellows out in the mountains, and at this conference we had an interchange of ideas that was for me, at least, one of the biggest experiences of my fifteen years in aviation."

Secretary MacCracken, thus praised, is the head of the Aeronautic Division of the United States Department of Commerce. In this conference he showed sympathy with the practical views of the delegates. For instance, Clarence Chamberlin and others protested against too close regulation of the flying schools, and gained their point for at least the coming year. The general feeling expressed by the delegates was satisfaction with what the Department has actually done, mingled with some fear as to what might happen if in the future the politicians got hold of the Bureau.

Many important points were discussed, such as changes in classifying pilots' licenses, the insurance on air risks, the adoption, or not, of the "Handbook for Designers" prepared for the Department with the aid of army engineers, the meaning of the statistics as to air accidents. As to the last, the most striking figures were those that showed that in 165 accidents 146 were to unlicensed planes and in 132 cases the pilots also were unlicensed.

Doubtless this is only the first of many such conferences.

Team-work is as much needed in air commerce as in football.

Veteran Lovers of Peace

THE award of the Nobel Peace Prize is always of world interest. In the past the judges have often been able to find prize winners who have done something which at least aimed at the concrete and positive, something more than and different from argument or idealism. The list includes the names of Roosevelt, Wilson, Root, Dawes, Chamberlain, Briand; the very first award was to Henry Dunant, founder of the Red Cross; and later the Peace Prize went to the International Red Cross Committee. One definition of the foundation specifies as requisites that the recipient should be a person who had "worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, or the calling or propagating of Peace Congresses."

But good work may be done by writers and speakers as well as statesmen. No one will challenge the justice of the award just made, which divides the prize for 1927 between Professor Ludwig Quidde, of Germany, and Professor Ferdinand Buisson, of France. Professor Buisson began to write on world peace sixty years ago; he is now eighty-seven years old, and is still, we believe, President of the League for the Rights

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of Man; his earliest colleague in the search for liberty as a prerequisite for peace was Garibaldi. Professor Quidde, of the University of Munich, is also a veteran advocate for world peace and served a prison sentence for offending the Kaiser by too plain speech against militarism; he has been President of the German Peace Union for thirty-five years.

One editorial writer, speaking of this Nobel award, cites as a peace act the memorial of 128,770 British citizens to the Prime Minister solemnly vowing never to perform any war service. It is just the reverse.

A Noble Library

ILLITERACY has its advantages. A man who cannot read is spared the nuisance of examining the mass of circulars that clutter the desk—and waste-basket—of every person whose name is in the telephone book; the man who cannot write is never asked to indorse a note for a friend. But for those who read and write the administration of public libraries is an extremely important function of government. This is what makes the report of Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Library of Congress, one of the most significant of those departmental reports which have just been presented at the opening of the Seventieth Congress of the United States.

Congress has a good many sins to answer for, but its notable achievements do not always receive the popular credit which they deserve. One of these achievements is the construction and maintenance of the Library of Congress. The Library was founded in the year 1800 on an appropriation of $5,000. It is now housed in the largest building of its kind in the world, the construction of which was begun in 1886 and completed in 1897 at a cost of a little over $6,000,000. Its beauty speaks for itself to all those who visit the National capital.

The Library of Congress contains over 3,000,000 printed books and pamphlets, the third largest collection in the world, and an enormous number of letters, manuscripts, and maps which are of priceless value to the student of history and biography. Its decorations both of painting and sculpture constitute a veritable museum of the fine arts.

As a physical achievement alone the Library of Congress is a credit to democracy.

The Library and National Education

THE peculiar and perhaps most interesting feature of the Library of Congress is that its Librarian, Dr. Putnam, conceives of it as a kind of National university. It co-operates with other libraries, both public and private, all over the country by supplying at cost information on cataloguing and bibliography. "Books are lent to other libraries for the use of investigators engaged in research expected to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge."

In carrying out this educational conception the Librarian, with the cordial and hearty support of Congress, has devised a unique plan. In conjunction with the Library, a "Trust Fund Board" has been created by Act of Congress consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chairman of the Congressional Joint Committee on the Library, the Librarian, and two persons appointed by the President. This Trust Fund Board is empowered to receive gifts and bequests of money from private donors and to spend the principal or income, as the donor may designate, "for the benefit of, or in connection with, the Library, its collections, or its service."

There are various ways in which this unique plan of privately endowing a Governmental institution may greatly extend the public usefulness of this National Library. Among them, Dr. Putnam has instituted privately endowed chairs, like those of a university, with expert incumbents who will aid students and research workers in using the resources of the Library in various branches of history, science, and the arts. Those who are interested will do well to obtain from the Librarian a brochure entitled "The Library of Congress and Its Activities." It may surprise some critics of democracy to find how efficiently Congress has acted in the administration of this institution.

Intelligence is the surest safeguard of democracy, and the well-advised use of books is the surest way to cultivate intelligence.

A Proposed Sentencing Commission

GOVERNOR SMITH, of New York, has made a proposal for the treatment of criminals that is deserving of the most sympathetic consideration and study.

At present when any one accused of crime is tried and convicted he is sentenced by the trial judge. Under the law certain punishments are attached to certain crimes. One might almost say that the law has drawn up a price-list of crimes indicating how much each crime shall cost the perpetrator. Penalty is measured according to the nature of the crime committed. W. S. Gilbert's phrase about letting the "punishment fit the crime" fairly describes the present system. In comparatively modern times this system has been made more flexible. More consideration now is given to the proper treatment of the criminal and less to the exact measurement of the crime. But in general our systems of punishment are based on the old conception that the penalty exacted is in the nature of a payment.

The modern and more enlightened view is that penalty is not retributive, but protective and curative. It should be for the purpose of safeguarding society against the criminal, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, restoring the criminal, if possible, to a normal condition. To put it otherwise, our criminal laws should be designed, first, to make the criminal safe for society, and, in the second place, to make him safe for himself.

What Governor Smith proposes is to confine the court to the single duty of determining in cases of felony whether the accused is guilty or not, and then to leave the decision as to what should be done with him to a sentencing board. The function of this board would be to determine the proper disposition to be made of the felon—whether, for example, he should be sent to a hospital or insane asylum, or be sent to prison, and if sent to prison, for what term and under what conditions of parole.

Arguments against this proposal are easily contrived. The judge who tries a criminal may be presumed, it may be said, to know all the facts, and therefore to measure the felon's guilt. As a matter of fact, however, sentences are often unequal even when they are supposed to be determined by the guilt; and guilt ought not to be the determining factor, but the relation of the particular criminal to society. Such a sentencing board, it may be said, might tend to break down that sense of justice that rests upon the impersonality of the law. But impersonality of the law has not created a sense of justice so much as a sense of what it costs to commit crime.

Governor Smith does not propose that this plan be put into operation by the Legislature at once. He suggests rather

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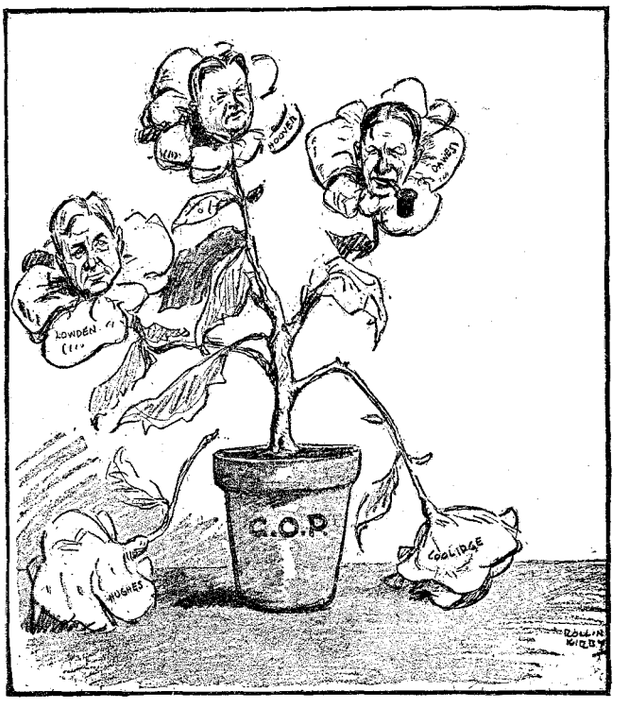
DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri

Cartoons of the Week

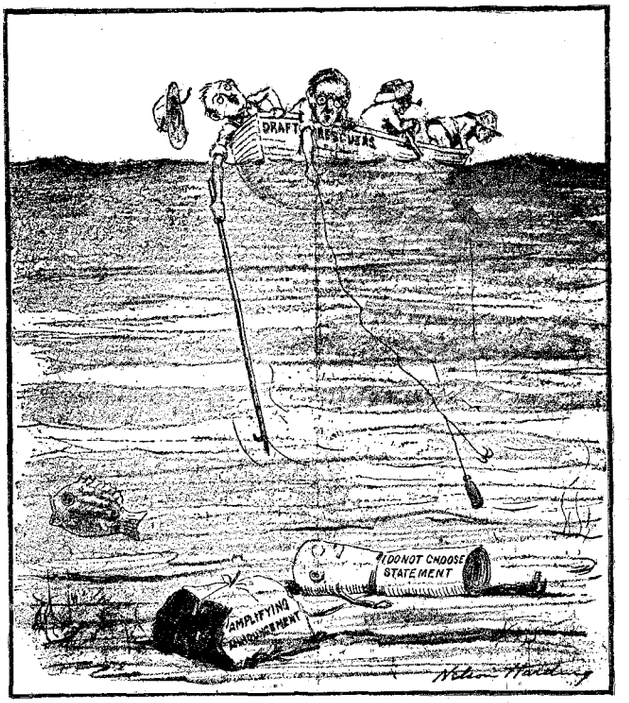
Kirby in the New York World



Ready to be picked

From Hazel O'Brien, Jersey City, N. J.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



Never say die

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

Marcus in the New York Times

Vare and Smith are not the only ones worrying about their seats

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

Kirby in the New York World

The brave fireman

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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that it should be submitted for study to a commission to make a report after a public discussion.

Governor Smith's proposal is an interesting step in the direction of making punishment fit, not the crime, but the criminal.

Outside the Fold

THE prop on which Governor Smith, of New York, has leaned to support his contention that New York State does not need and ought not to have a prohibition enforcement law has been knocked from under him by no less an authority than the United States Supreme Court.

The Governor has contended that enforcement may be made by police and troopers acting for the State. The Supreme Court says not. No doubt local officers may stop a crime committed under their noses without asking whether the criminal is violating Federal or State law. But search, arrest, and seizure without warrant, on suspicion, cannot be so made, and State officers cannot serve Federal warrants.

New York and Maryland, we understand, are the only States that have no State prohibition laws; and even Maryland has county and local ordinances.

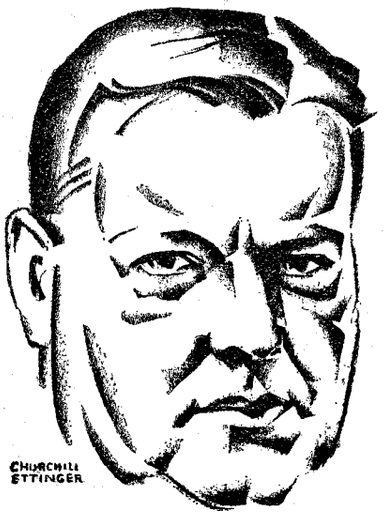
The case decided reverses a decision of a Federal circuit court. The men connected will now go free because State troopers without a warrant searched their car on mere suspicion and found some Canadian ale. Justice Brandeis, of the Supreme Court, said: "We are of the opinion that the admission in evidence of the liquor wrongfully seized violated rights of the defendants guaranteed by the Fourth and Fifth Amendments."

When the Amendment gave States "concurrent power" to enforce its provisions, it assumed that they wished to uphold the Constitution. New York says it does not.

An Open Field for Candidates

POLITICIANS who refused to take President Coolidge at his word last summer when he said that he did not choose to run for President in 1928 have no better reason for taking him at his word now. They do not seem to realize that the only way they can convince the people that he is a receptive candidate, after all, would be by convincing them at the same time that he is a slippery politician. He has added nothing new to what he said in August; but somehow he has seemed to convince doubters by these words which he addressed on December 6 to the members of the Republican National Committee:

This is naturally the time to be planning for the future. The party



Herbert C. Hoover

will soon place in nomination its candidate to succeed me. To give time for mature deliberation I stated to the country on August 2 that I did not choose to run for President in 1928.

My statement stands. No one should be led to suppose that I have modified it. My decision will be respected.

After I had been eliminated the party began, and should vigorously continue, the serious task of selecting another candidate from among the numbers of distinguished men available.

Candidates for the Republican nomination who have been waiting for their followers to become convinced that the President was not going to run in 1928 should now be able to assure their followers or be assured by their followers that the field is free. Foremost among those whose names are likely to be presented to the Republican Convention at Kansas City next June are, of course, Herbert Hoover, Frank O. Lowden, and Charles G. Dawes. Since both Dawes and Lowden come from the same State, they are not likely both to be formally presented to the Convention; but it seems most probable that each will receive votes. Mr. Merritt in his editorial correspondence from Washington in this issue comments on the political situation in the Republican Party as a consequence of Mr. Coolidge's following up the word "choose" with the word "will."

But politicians are slow to believe; even Mr. Hughes had to remind them that he had already said he "would neither seek nor accept the nomination."

The State of the Country

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S Message to Congress was delivered too late for comment last week. It is a long Message, and one that cannot be adequately summarized in brief space. Among the subjects with which he dealt the most controversial include farm relief, flood control, Muscle Shoals, a Department of Education, and lynching. What he said about farm relief is far from satisfactory to those who want either some form of price fixing or a subsidy. What he said about flood control is far from satisfactory to those who wish the Federal Government to meet all the cost of protecting lands along the Mississippi. What he said about Muscle Shoals will not satisfy those who think the Government should make of it a model power plant for the production of fertilizer. What he said in recommending a Department of Education will be opposed by those who believe that the tendency to bureaucracy in the Federal Government needs to be not encouraged but withstood. And what he said about lynching will alienate those, especially in the South, who believe that such an evil should and can be dealt with by the States. On these and other subjects there will be occasion for comment as measures dealing with them come before Congress.

As to the maintenance of prosperity, the President believes that it depends upon the maintenance of confidence.

Party Maneuvering in the Senate

AS the Senate of the United States assembled the Democrats might easily have organized it. Their number exactly equals the total of other Senators —regular Republicans, irregular Republicans, insurgent Republicans, and the lone Laborite. Somewhere among these classes the one vote necessary to make a Democratic majority easily could have been found. The Democrats were at some pains not to find it.

There are several reasons which may have inspired, in varying measure, the unwillingness of the Democrats to as-

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sume control. Beyond doubt, there was a genuine desire to leave the Republican Administration in control of the legislative branch of the Government. With it, undoubtedly, was a canny desire to avoid any share of organized responsibility for what may occur during the

Charles G. Dawes

next few months. Though the prospect of continued prosperity on a high level is good, it is, of course, possible that there may be some subsidence. In view of that, the Democrats were willing enough to avoid manufacturing a campaign excuse for the Republicans.

But the difficulty is not so easily got over. The Democrats can hardly go through the session peacefully doing nothing. The fact remains that they constitute practically half of the Senate, and certain Republican Senators of the irregular kind will undoubtedly make common cause with them from time to time. These irregulars, upon getting assurances from the Republican leader that some of their measures would receive consideration, joined with the regulars in organizing the Senate and obtained important chairmanships; but they will not follow the Republican leader on all measures.

In the Senate the Democrats have the choice of controlling legislation by alliance with either the regular or the irregular Republicans; and either course, from a party standpoint, is not without objectionable features.

Delays and Appeals Checked

"THE delays that have dragged this case out for six years are inexcusable," said Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts, of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The delays occurred because the law made it possible. The flaw has been remedied (in 1925) in part by legislation; the Massachusetts Judicial Council now in a report to the Governor points out as a still serious source of delay "the right now existing in murder cases to file motions for a new trial at any time up to sentence." It recommends that motions for new trial should not be allowed after a year elapses from the sitting of the court at which the trial took place. More stringent and more effective is the Council's sharp comment: "There should be one appeal as of right in a capital case, but there need be no more."

As to the much-debated question whether under the Massachusetts procedure (as in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, for instance) the Supreme Court had power to pass upon the weight of evidence, the Council declared that it had not, provided there had been sufficient evidence to warrant the submission of the case to a jury. The Council concedes it improbable that a trial judge would be, unless very rarely, guilty of such indiscretion as to make this state of things injurious, yet it thinks it desirable to follow New York State's example in the review of capital cases and explicitly advises the Governor to favor "legislation conferring on the Massachusetts Supreme Court powers identical with those now vested in the New York Court of Appeals." England has a special Court of Criminal Appeal by which an appeal as to the weight of evidence may be heard; but there is only the one appeal, and delays are sternly held within limit.

Massachusetts' courts are of high repute; she is not slow in making her laws surer and prompter when reason therefor appears.

Nationalism or Communism in China?

CHINA'S Nationalists have recalled to power General Chiang Kai-shek, the young chieftain who led their advance earlier this year from Canton in the south to the Yangtze Valley in central China. That is the clearest sign of a tendency towards agreement among the conflicting factions of the revolutionary party.

The Central Executive Committee of the party has been meeting in Shanghai, preparing for the fourth plenary session of the party early in the new year. The real meaning of the committee sessions has lain in its endeavor to find a way to reunite the groups centering at Canton, Hankow, and Nanking into which it has split. The group that has seized control at Canton appears to be aligned with the

Frank O. Lowden

Communists. The group represented at Hankow seems to be less radical than the Cantonese, but more radical than the administration at Nanking. The latter demands a definite break with Communism and concentration on the cause of Chinese Nationalism.

Several times the committee conferences have nearly broken up in consequence of these differences; and each time the need to reunify the southern forces opposing the northern militarists at Peking has held them together. Now all power has been put into the hands of General Chiang, to decide the time and place for the next convention of the whole Nationalist Party.

It appears now that Chiang Kai-shek is the one man around whom the Chinese factions may be willing to rally.

"The Greatest Lawsuit in History"

OUR readers will remember the article by Mr. H. R. Fraser in which he told the history of what has been called the greatest lawsuit of our times. The suit involved only a little railroad nine miles long, but the underlying question might be applied to the valuation of all railroad property in the United States.

Now comes a decision made by the

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United States District Court at St. Louis, subject, of course, to appeal to the United States Supreme Court and not clearly and broadly a decision as to the proper way of fixing valuation of railways in general.

Under the existing Transportation Act, railways are restricted as to the amount of dividends they may pay; if the earnings exceed the amount fixed, say six per cent, the Government takes the excess and applies it to the needs of roads which do not earn their proper quota. It is because of this state of affairs that the question of valuation is so enormously important. The freight and passenger rates are controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and if the railway's method of valuation were to be approved, thus increasing the valuation over that of the Interstate Commerce Commission by some ten billion dollars, then the railways would be entitled and should receive permission to raise rates.

The two opposing principles of valuation are based, one (the Interstate Commerce Commission) on the original cost plus improvements; the other (that of the railways) on the reproduction cost at the present time.

The Court at St. Louis found that the admitted earnings of this little railway around which this stupendous litigation circles were such that the Commission was entitled to "recapture" excess earnings. This settles the case (except for appeal), but it does not pronounce, except possibly by inference, on the principle of valuation. It was not necessary to inquire whether the Commission had confiscated the railway property, because in this case the facts show that no such condition existed.

Thus the one important and disputed point in this quarrel about billions of dollars is still open to argument.

On Guard to Preserve the Yellowstone

AGAIN Yellowstone Park is threatened by the irrigationists. Representative Addison T. Smith, of Idaho, has introduced a bill which would carve out of Yellowstone Park its southwest corner for the purpose of putting a reservoir there and thus destroying the Bechler Meadows.

Last year about this time in a series of editorials and articles we gave an account of this plot against the Park. When letters reached us from our readers asking what could be done to help withstand the threatened invasion, we gave the information requested. The response was extraordinary. Those readers of The Outlook who wrote to Congress in protest can take satisfaction in knowing that they had a large part in preserving Yellowstone Park for the time being at least.

Now with this new Congress the attack has been renewed. Against this proposal are arrayed both the National Park Service and the National Forest Service. It is not intended for the improvement of the Park, but for the benefit of special interests. A hearing has been held by the Secretary of the Interior at which the opponents of the bill as introduced by Representative Smith were strongly in the majority. It is hardly conceivable that the Secretary of the Interior should favor the project.

At present the Bechler Meadows of Yellowstone Park seem not to be in immediate danger, but it is well for friends of our National Parks to be vigilant.

Scenes in Oklahoma

ALMOST Latin-American confusion exists in Oklahoma State politics, where a self-called legislative session has been meeting in spite of a Supreme Court ban and the presence of the National Guard in the Capitol. By votes, in which the smallest majority was 40 to 15, the lower house has preferred charges against Governor Harry S. Johnston of replacing the civil authority with the military, of incompetency, and of an illegal payment and other misdeeds. The situation is due to an excessively complicated Constitution and the growing habit of electing Governors chiefly to serve as impeachment victims.

The impeachment of Governor Walton in 1923 provided an epic diversion in the Klan fight and proved so enjoyable that it has been tried on every Governor since. To make the procedure easier a Constitutional amendment was passed enabling the Legislature to call an impeachment session if a majority of the members demanded. The Supreme Court has declared that the amendment was unconstitutionally passed, although it was submitted to a referendum in the next general election after it was proposed, as the Constitution requires, and in face of the known fact that there is nothing easier than amending the Oklahoma Constitution. Nevertheless court action gives the Governor grounds for refusing to recognize the present session and summoning the National Guard to prevent the meeting in the Capitol.

The quarrel originated over the Governor's appointment of highway commissioners who were opposed by the majority faction in the Legislature, and over the alleged undue political influence of Mrs. G. M. Hammons, the Governor's secretary. There is the usual gossip about the unpopularity of the Governor. But the real mischief appears due to the self-called provision for impeachment sessions, which tempts the Legislature to aggrandize its influence by indulging in the impeachment game wantonly; and, from an opposite aspect, encourages the Supreme Court to strain for chief authority in the State.

Genuine abuses of the Governor's power probably can be checked sufficiently by leaving impeachments to regular sessions.

The Sinclair Contempt Case

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, lessee of Teapot Dome, admits in the contempt proceedings against him in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia that he, through his associates and agents, employed Burns Agency sleuths to shadow the jury which was trying him and Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve lease. Then he seeks to justify this action.

In answering the contempt rule against him, Sinclair declared that "the prosecution of him by the Government of the United States has been conducted in a manner not in accord with the usual procedure pertaining to the trial of criminal cases;" that he has been made "the object of a special prosecution initiated, sponsored, and nurtured by the Congress of the United States in a manner and to an extent never before visited upon a citizen of the United States."

In short, Sinclair declares that he had the jury shadowed in order to protect himself from an unjust verdict. He does not say that he suspected the Congress of the United States or any other agency of the United States Government of an intention to tamper with the jury, but he broadly intimates that such was his belief.

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Justice Siddons refused to dismiss the contempt rule on this showing. It was difficult for him, as it will be difficult for other American citizens, to believe that the Government of the United States through any of its agencies sought improperly to influence a jury in a criminal case.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Sinclair was impelled to the course which he adopted through wholly worthy motives. But to this, as to all cases, there are two sides.

No man is ever so guilty that he should be prejudged by lay opinion.

Chess by Wireless

WHEN we speak of a game of chess, we think of two silent men facing a chess-board, each waiting patiently in turn for the other's move. But, as a matter of fact, chess games have often been carried on by correspondence and sometimes even across the ocean. Now chess is beginning to take advantage of the newest science to carry on long-distance games. We are told that not only chess but checker matches have been played with success by radio wireless.

It is quite possible that intercity matches of radio chess will become common. One such match was carried on recently between clubs in Santa Barbara and San Diego, really, if not formally, for the championship of southern California. Amateur wireless stations were prepared for the occasion, and the movements went smoothly back and forth for several simultaneous games by use of the abbreviations for chess men and moves which are known to every one who studies chess problems. It is said that Santa Barbara, the winner, now wants to challenge New York, Chicago, and Shanghai.

Another game, we are told, was played between two high school teams, one in New York and the other in Chicago. One comment of an operator, who had certainly kept busy with the complications of this intricate game, was, "It was hard work, but lots of fun."

If radio can jazz up chess, it can enliven anything.

Canada's Governor-General Visits Us

IN the Pan-American Building, one of the most beautiful in Washington, there is a chamber in which the representatives of American nations meet. In the center of the chamber is a great table, and around it are chairs, and on the back of each chair is a plate bearing the name of one of the American nations.

When these chairs were made and placed in the positions they were to occupy, the space was not quite filled.

Wide World

Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada

One chair was not there. It had been sent to storage to await the time when it could properly be placed with the others about the table. On the plate which it bore was the name of Canada.

When Vincent Massey came to Washington as the first Minister from Canada, that chair was eligible to take its place at the council table of the Pan-American Union. Whether it actually and physically did so or not is no part of the story.

There came to Washington the other day Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada. The office which he fills is one of the few tangible threads which now bind Canada to the British Empire.

When there were more such threads, when the ties between Canada and the Empire were bulkier if not stronger, no Governor-General of Canada saw fit to make a visit to the capital of the United States. Viscount Willingdon was the first to come.

The Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon were received in Washington with all of the ceremony due to royalty, for they represented King George of England. But they represented, too, the Government of Canada, an American commonwealth.

Where English peoples are concerned the semblance of monarchy takes nothing from the substance of democracy.

Heroism Recognized

IT is twenty years since The Outlook first called the attention of its readers to the heroism of John R. Kissinger. This heroism was best described in the words of Dr. Walter Reed, who said: "In my opinion, there has been no higher exhibition of moral courage in the annals of the Army of the United States."

Kissinger was a private soldier. When Dr. Reed began his experiments in Cuba which ended by proving beyond possibility of doubt that yellow fever is transmitted through a certain species of mosquito, Kissinger volunteered in the service of humanity, knowing fully the risks, and he was the first subject of those experiments. He had a severe attack, but recovered. Later he became ill and helpless.

Last spring The Outlook called the attention of its readers to the fact that John R. Kissinger was in straitened circumstances, with only a small pension from the Government, and that there was a plan on foot to aid him and his faithful wife to buy a home. Our readers contributed to this end generously and are entitled to a very large share in the honor of carrying out this plan. The fund has now been wound up. The title deed to a pleasant home at Huntington, Indiana, has been presented to him, and a small balance which remained has been handed to him in cash.

Kissinger's heroism did, in fact, in itself prove first and positively the theory which has won the war against yellow fever.

The incident does not, however, absolve this country from its debt to those who risked their life and health in this memorable triumph of science and courage against disease. The widows of several of the men who risked their lives are still living. If ever there were cases in which a nation should recognize its obligations to those near and dear to martyrs of science, these are such cases.

This country is not so poor that it will not approve of Congress providing pensions for the dependent survivors of the yellow-fever heroes.

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American Money Abroad

ALMOST anything that brings nations or peoples into friendly contact with one another may also bring them into hostile contact. Trade, which should be the amicable exchange of commodities, may cause friction. Even international athletics, designed to promote mutual acquaintance and good feeling, has not been wholly free from disturbances. So it is with international financial transactions. People often see in them the danger of entanglements and even possible causes of international conflicts.

For example, a loan of American capital has been negotiated by the South Manchurian Railway. It has been reported that the State Department has said that it sees no objection to such a loan. Of course, it is not the money of the United States Government that is being lent, but the money of those Americans who are willing to buy from bankers the bonds of the railway. Already the proposal of such a loan has called forth protests from certain leaders of the Chinese. Manchuria is traditionally Chinese territory; but the South Manchurian Railway, owned in part by private individuals, some Chinese and some Japanese, is owned largely by the Japanese Imperial Government. Anything that strengthens the South Manchurian Railway naturally, it is supposed, strengthens the interest of Japan in this province. But Russia also has interests in Manchuria. How, it may be asked, can America act as a disinterested friend of Japan and China and Russia alike, if American money is at stake in an enterprise which may help Japan in her rivalry with Russia for dominating influence in a province that is claimed by China? Will not the floating of this loan in the American market tend to entangle us in Far Eastern affairs?

Such loans would certainly lead to trouble if the United States were disposed to use or threaten force for the repayment of them when due. But the Government has never committed itself to the policy of collecting by force foreign debts due her citizens. Elihu Root in 1906 declared at Buenos Aires: "The United States of America has never deemed it to be suitable that she should use her Army and Navy for the collection of ordinary contract debts of foreign governments to her citizens." This statement was quoted by Dwight W. Morrow—at the time a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.—in the quarterly review "Foreign Affairs" for last January, and Mr. Morrow added: "Investors who buy foreign loans are in a position to appreciate what a fruitless remedy for breach of contract war is. . . . Is there any one who thinks that if a man owes him money and cannot pay it, there is profit in going out and killing the debtor?"

But the question is deeper than that. Even though these loans are not collectable by force, will they not involve us in political entanglements with other countries?

For an answer let us see precisely for what such a loan for the South Manchurian Railway is needed.

The South Manchurian Railway is a commercial enterprise. It seeks a loan to refund its existing debt and to improve the physical condition of the road. It seeks a part of the loan abroad for commercial reasons. In large part the materials which the railway requires—rolling stock, rails, etc.—will come from the United States. To buy these materials it therefore needs dollars. As it is a profitable business venture, it enjoys credit not only at home but abroad.

The fact that the Japanese Government, as we understand it, proposes to guarantee the railway's bonds both as to principal and interest involves no political consideration, but simply assures the railway a lowering of the cost of the borrowing. The United States Government has no part in the guaranty of the loan.

Perhaps an analogy may make this clearer. Suppose the South Manchurian Railway ordered fifteen million dollars' worth of steel rails from the United States Steel Corporation. If the Corporation accepted and filled the order, it could scarcely be argued that such a transaction identified the United States Government or the Steel Corporation with Japanese policy in Manchuria or China. The Steel Corporation would be merely serving a foreign customer. The South Manchurian Railway, however, wishes to borrow the funds with which to make such a purchase. This involves trade in which the commodity bought and sold is money. International trade in money or credit carries no greater political implication than does international trade in steel rails.

Of all forms of foreign trade, such international trade in money or credit is, however, in some senses the most easily controlled. Some governments, among them our own, control it in what they conceive to be the general interest. As a consequence an international transaction in money in which the United States citizens are involved as lenders carries the implication that it has been permitted because it is not considered inimical to the general interests of the people of the United States. The fact that a South Manchurian Railway loan is sold in the United States could therefore be said to imply that the Government did not consider such a transaction inimical to the interests of the United States; but it could not be said to imply that either the Government or the people of the United States approved or disapproved Japanese policy in South Manchuria or in any way identified itself therewith.

But how will such a loan affect China and Russia?

To such a question it is hard to give any answer in general terms. The answer will depend upon the state of mind of the Russians and the Chinese themselves. Russia's interest in Manchuria is principally north of the Chinese Eastern Railway. It would seem, therefore, that there can be no real conflict between Russia and Japan in South Manchuria. It does not seem likely that Russians could, it certainly seems unreasonable if they should, object to the loan of American capital to aid in the development of that territory.

Because the conditions in China and the state of mind in the Chinese are more difficult to understand, the effect of the South Manchurian loan on China is more difficult to measure. Perhaps the state of mind of the Chinese will be better understood if it is remembered that the Japanese administration of this railway was a result of war between Japan and Russia on Chinese territory, by virtue of which Japan acquired its leasehold. Investors should, and doubtless will, take that fact into consideration. The issue of a loan in this country, however, will not change the status of the South Manchurian Railway or of Japan in Manchuria. That is evident; but the issue of the loan has evidently served as an occasion for a display of sentiment against Japan in particular and against all foreigners in general. And yet that fact can hardly justify the idea that the South Manchurian Railway should be abandoned. South Manchuria, in contrast to almost all the rest of the Chinese Empire (or Republic, if you will), has enjoyed peace and a degree of safety for persons and property; and as a consequence foreign trade has quintupled in twenty years and the Chinese population has increased nearly tenfold. This tranquillity, with its accompanying prosperity, is due almost wholly to the South Manchurian Railway and the administration of the leased areas. Surely the prevention of a loan to pay off the debt

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and to improve the physical condition of the railway could not be of any benefit to China.

If any general conclusion can be drawn from such a case as this, it might be stated briefly as follows: Ordinarily Americans ought to be left free from interference by their Government to invest their money in anything they please. Interference by the Government should occur only in cases in which obviously the investment would be contrary to the interests of the United States—as it would be obviously for the purpose of aiding a foreign government planning hostile action against the United States. In some cases, doubtless, the susceptibilities of other peoples must be taken into consideration in planning a loan; but such susceptibilities should not govern if they run counter to the real welfare of the peoples mainly concerned. Trade, commerce, and other transactions between peoples are means of uniting peoples, and of also dividing them from one another. We cannot have the benefit of the union without the danger of division. Some of those who urge most strongly that nations should trade freely with one another, each contributing what it has in abundance to what the other needs, are the very people who are most likely to protest against the international loans and finances without which international trade is impossible. After all, in all such matters the prime requisite is that what is done should be done openly, honestly, and in the spirit of fair dealing.

The League Forestalls a War

WHEN a war starts nowadays, it is impossible to say how far it may spread; 1914 proved that. And the League of Nations has just shown how valuable, in a time of interrelated national interests, is a permanent agency for dealing with conflicts before they become uncontrollable.

Two states that did not exist before the World War—Poland and Lithuania—have been endangering the peace of Europe. Yet the Allied Powers, without whose recognition the existence of these states would have had no sure sanction, could not with propriety interfere directly. The Powers could, and did, make suggestions to them, but had to treat them with all the consideration due to sovereign states, even though their sovereignty is comparatively far less secure. But there was the League of Nations at Geneva, of which both quarreling nations are members, and they could be, and were, induced to submit their differences for full discussion before its Council. Both Premier Waldemaras, of Lithuania, and Marshal Pilsudski, of Poland—each a dictator in his own land—attended the sessions, and Pilsudski actually precipitated the peace settlement by threatening to go home and talk war.

The trouble arose over Poland's annexation, seven years ago, of the city of Vilna, which Lithuania claimed as her capital. A technical state of war has existed ever since, and has led to mutual bickerings over the way that Poland has treated Lithuanians within her borders and, similarly, the way that Lithuania has treated Poles. Russia and Germany, their neighbors, have been concerned over recurrent threats of Lithuanian-Polish conflict, and France and Great Britain have watched the danger zone with anxiety. Now the two antagonists have accepted a declaration by the League Council that the state of war is at an end and have consented to settle the issues between them diplomatically. True, the question of Vilna remains to be adjusted, and a League Commission is to look into that matter and also the treatment of minorities. But the main thing is that the outcome of League action was preservation of peace.

We in America do not see our way to accepting the obligations of League membership, but we can recognize accomplishments like these and their practical value for the maintenance of world order.

The Smith-Vare Case

IN excluding Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, and William S. Vare, of Pennsylvania, from the seats for which they brought credentials from the Governors of their respective States, the United States Senate has confirmed the precedent which, by excluding Mr. Smith from an unexpired term, it established last January.

Of the power of the Senate to exclude any one who presents himself for admission to its membership there is no question. There are those who declare that it has not only the power but the right to do so. They point to that provision in the United States Constitution which declares that each house of Congress "shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." The Senate has itself interpreted this to mean that it can decide, not only who among claimants for membership are qualified under the Constitution, by virtue of age, residence, and the like, but who is qualified according to its own standards. This power rests not merely upon the Constitutional provision but upon ancient parliamentary practice. In the sense that there is no authority in government that can challenge it successfully, this power is arbitrary. Against the exercise of it there is no possibility of appeal.

Because it has the power to expel any member by a two-thirds vote or to exclude a claimant to membership by a simple majority without any review by any power except that of public opinion, a parliamentary body like the Senate has an extraordinarily grave responsibility. Every time it excludes a claimant it establishes a precedent which under other circumstances may prove dangerous to the rights of a minority, and even to the proper maintenance of representative government. It must be assumed that in the cases of Messrs. Vare and Smith those who voted for exclusion considered, not only whether these men were desirable members of the Senate, or whether the use of money in the primaries by which they were nominated was corrupting, but also whether the decision as to their fitness to sit in the Senate should be taken from the States which sent them and assumed by the Senate itself.

Parliamentary bodies have exercised this arbitrary power arbitrarily. The New York Legislature, for example, excluded Socialists from membership because of utterances of which the majority disapproved. That action set a precedent that well might become dangerous. And yet the danger of limiting the power of a legislative assembly in such a case as that is greater than the danger created by its arbitrary exercise.

In the case of Messrs. Vare and Smith it cannot be said that the Senate has exercised its power arbitrarily. It has, it is true, deprived two States of their equal representation in the Senate; but it has done so not without cause. The charges of illegal use of money in the primaries which nominated them are clearly concerned with the preservation of true representative government. In this case it is not only the excluded claimants who are on trial, but also the judgment of the Senate. Having decided that there was greater danger in appearing to condone corruption than in appearing to exercise its power without full warrant, the Senate must prove that it acted without partisanship and with foresight. After all, popular government rests upon the ability of the people to choose representatives whose judgment can be trusted.

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The Doctor Looks at Companionate Marriage

By JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

THERE are a few truths about marriage that are universally admitted. That it is venerable, honorable, vulnerable, are some of them. Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that nearly every one who marries wishes, at one time or another, that he had not. This regret may be fleeting, or it may lead to the divorce court. The number of married persons who are seized with the permanent variety of dissatisfaction grows greater every year in this country. One out of every eight marriages is now dissolved by the courts. In the past fifty years the divorce rate has increased nearly three hundred and fifty per cent.

The Church of every stripe and label is alarmed; organizations devoted to man's welfare are concerned; and individuals jealous of their country's reputation are worried. Men and women who feel it a privilege and a duty to live harmoniously with the conventions and institutions that civilization, culture, and enlightenment have erected and found good see in this rapid increase of divorce the heralds of National decline. They think something must be done about it; otherwise, the foundations of our social structure will be undermined and the supporting pillars of society razed. They maintain that there are no elements of perpetuity to guarantee the preservation of a nation if moral law be violated. Divorce violates it in the vast majority of instances. About one-half of all divorces are granted for desertion, and in the majority of them it is fraudulent and collusive.

Society is ill, desperately ill. Many doctors have been summoned and more have volunteered their service. Among the latter there is none so sure that he has a remedy, or more insistent that it be tried, than Ben B. Lindsey, one time judge in the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. He calls it "companionate marriage," and he defines it as legal marriage, with legalized birth control and right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony. The moment a companionate marriage is no longer childless it becomes a family marriage. He fears it may be thought that companionate marriage is a revised edition of trial marriage. He denies any analogy save those that trial marriage has with every kind of marriage. No one can predict with certainty the outcome of any union. Trial marriage, however, implies something which is openly tentative, provisional, and experimental. It differs little from unmarried unions save that it takes the name marriage. Its whole psychology rests on uncertainty and hesitation. In companionate marriage there is none of that. It is a legal marriage. Every childless marriage wherein by mutual agreement the parties can obtain a divorce is a companionate. He thinks that under this sort of marriage, with legalized birth control, most persons would marry, as they do now, with the firm belief that their union would be permanent.

A MARRIAGE that can be dissolved by mutual consent is at least an excellent imitation of a trial marriage. The difference between them is that some one in authority has said to the companionates, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and if any one throws bricks at them he can be haled before the law. The Judge will have difficulty in convincing even the most credulous that some, perhaps most, of those who contract this variety of marriage are not testing matrimony, its privileges and entailments. It makes matrimony akin to trying on hats. One keeps on trying until a lid is found that fits and is becoming and comfortable. Those that have been pressed down upon the head and then discarded have not been injured in their market value; others buy them with readiness and satisfaction. It should be called "experimental marriage," for that is what it really is. Judge Lindsey maintains that companionate marriage is already an established social fact in this country and that it ought to be conventionally respectable. He means, it is to be supposed, that birth control is being practiced by some married couples until they find out whether or not they like one another well enough to go on living together, or until one of them finds some one with whom he would rather live. When they make this discovery, they frame a conspiracy, hire a lawyer, and get a divorce. He believes that this is becoming so universal among the educated that soon we shall be a nation of hypocrites, the best people evil-doers, and every mouth speaking folly.

THE ignorant and the poor, he thinks, are spared the hypocrisy, for they

EXTREME variety and divergence of views have been disclosed by the discussion of marriage aroused first by emphasis on individualistic views of the subject and more recently by Judge Lindsey's book on the Companionate Marriage. In that book Judge Lindsey proposes legislation, first, to enable childless couples to secure divorce by mutual consent; second, practically to abolish in such cases alimony, except with reference to the economic position of each party; and, third, permitting physicians and scientific boards to give scientific information to enable couples to remain childless if they wish. He regards the Companionate Marriage as normally leading to the Family Marriage, with children, in which case divorce would be granted only for grave cause. This article, by one of the well-known physicians in New York, deals with Companionate Marriage mainly from a medical point of view. There are other aspects of marriage; and other papers dealing with other aspects will follow. Much of the confusion in the discussion of marriage arises from failure of those who think of it as a relationship between two individuals to recognize the concern of society, and, conversely, the failure of those who think of marriage as the concern of society to recognize the rights of the individual; and much of this confusion arises also from the failure to distinguish between the legal and the ethical aspects. In inviting to our columns the following article and other articles in later issues from other points of view, we hope to stimulate and clarify thought on this most important subject. We reserve the expression of our own opinion in order that this discussion may be free.

THE EDITORS.

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Dr. Joseph Collins

cannot find out about birth control, and lawyers do not give their services without pay. He does not tell us how he arrived at the conclusion that the poor cannot learn how to limit families. He believes that "scientific contraception promises what may be developed into the most revolutionary change in human affairs that history has ever recorded." Judge Lindsey is entitled to an opinion and to an expression of it. But those who are inclined to accept it in this instance should keep clearly in mind that there is no such thing as scientific contraception. The whole subject is highly controversial, but no one would suspect it from reading Judge Lindsey's book. These nature thwarters would have us believe that there are methods of preventing conception which are sure and which can be utilized without injury. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is only one sure way—abstinence. Some methods are safer than others, but there are objections to them all; some are hygienic, others are hedonistic. To discuss the former it would be necessary to be specific about the procedure; that cannot be done here. It must suffice to say that, unless applied skillfully and used with great circumspection, the method that insures the greatest safety carries with it danger of injuries to tissues whose concern is reproduction. The supreme objection to all methods is in the spiritual, not the material field, and it seems to have escaped Judge Lindsey.

Socially we have many duties, biologically we have one: to reproduce our kind. Mating is an instinctive response to a biological craving for a specific form of physical gratification upon which depends the survival of mankind. Man has survived because he has been able to appease his sex hunger, and should he survive it will be for the same reason. While responding to this biological craving, man and woman reach a degree of intimacy with nature, and reach toward God with such success that they become, for a while, akin to him in their creative capacity.

There are still many of us who believe that the children who are born of pure love are the children who radiate love and genius; regulation of their advent by consideration of time, conditions, conventions, and material propitiousness would mean the destruction of the love element, which would be replaced by worldly wisdom and economic sense.

It is a hazardous business thwarting nature; and, though she often seems to be satisfied with deferred payment, she exacts it finally in one coin or another. A militant advocate of contraception in this country says "birth control is hygienic, scientific, and harmless." I say that anything that is disharmonious with nature cannot be scientific, and that it is injurious. A lifelong contact with individuals afflicted with nervous and mental disorders should make me a more competent witness than a lay woman. No one can practice any form of birth control systematically and continuously without being injured spiritually, and few without being injured bodily.

There is something in life besides health. There are truth and beauty. Contraceptives of all varieties dent them both. When the one godlike possession we have must be preceded by premeditation, accompanied by unnatural contrivance, and followed by doubts and fears, it becomes a travesty of the source of beauty.

The most trying feature of the contraceptionist is his cocksureness, and Judge Lindsey is no exception. "It would be difficult," he says, "to overstate the economic, the eugenic, the broad social significance of contraception which is even today changing marriage in some of its fundamental aspects." In truth, the subject is most complex; the benefits that it confers are highly problematical, and the methods of attempting to obtain them uncertain and not very practical.

THOSE who are seeking to better the conditions of life, to improve the race, and to increase the happiness of its constituents are deserving of our praise and our co-operation, but they should take care not to alienate us by statements unsupported by fact and promises which they cannot fulfill.

There is one instrument to shape the human race: enlightenment. It might be called education were not that word used synonymously with learning. When

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the fundamental principles of biology, physiology, psychology, and sociology are taught in the schools of this country at the expense of algebra, history, and rhetoric, race improvement and individual happiness will gain momentum.

Much as one may be inclined not to discuss contraception from the standpoint of morality, one would be strangely obtuse not to admit that information about contraceptives and their use is bound to change our practice of sex morality, though it does not alter our theory. The sex urge in women, generally, is not so imperious as in man; probably because it has been repressed and inhibited for so many centuries. The source of the inhibition has been fear. Morality based upon fear has value for the community, but none for the individual. The reason the country is so rich in prohibition is that we are so poor in ideals. Women may have found the price excessive which they had to pay to appease the social tyrant. They may now testify without losing caste. They should be heard. If our idealization of woman as pure, modest, chaste, is founded in error, we should know it. It is lamentable that we should lose any ideal, but if this is a false one perhaps we shall be better without it.

The keystone of the bridge to happiness and efficiency that the Denver Solon would build is contraception; the buttresses are economic freedom and eugenic prosperity; the right of way is divorce.

If a man can support his wife and she is willing to be supported, well and good; if he cannot, she must provide her own living either in the sweat of her brow or from the purse of her parents. It is to be presumed that a wife may support her husband should they be of one mind in the matter.

It is universally admitted that marriage is for the masses the beginning of an economic struggle in which the husband is frequently defeated and the wife always disillusioned. If parents are willing to support their wedded children until the time comes when these children are convinced that they can live together until death parts them, parenthood has taken on greater obligation and progeny is conceded wider privilege. Those whose parents are neither rich nor generous and who wish to try companionate marriage must support themselves. That is the best feature of the project. Woman needs a few more things that she may accomplish her spiritual emancipation, but none so much as work. The male child is brought up from infancy in the knowledge that as soon as he reaches manhood he will work; and in the majority of instances his scholastic education has in view the kind of work he will do and its aim is to prepare him for it. The girl, on the other hand, is brought up to believe that her job in life is to hook a man who will support her. She may have to work for a while that she may buy tempting bait and angle in promising waters, but such work is a means to an end. She will do it, not for pleasure or for self-expression, but that she may open the gate to the Elysian field. When she first arrives, she is convinced the pasturage is sweet and that it will last forever. She does not browse there long before it begins to taste bitter, and soon she feels spiritually undernourished. Many attempt to get out, more stay to starve.

THE symptoms of this marasmus are restlessness, boredom, drink, drugs, dissatisfaction, and divorce. Every one, women most of all, should hail any measure, conventional or mandatory, which makes woman work, so long as it does not impose acceptation of the Soviet principles or undermine morality. It would be difficult to say anything new about the value of work as a soul satisfier or as a source of pleasure; but as a means of self-realization it has no equal, and as a mischief prophylactic it has few superiors.

Anything that will act as an antidote to the weakness which tempts women to rely on men for the solution of their problems, to seek guidance in every perplexity, to play safe in the sphere of belief and opinion, should be very acceptable to them.

The more opportunities that come to women to show that they are the equal of the so-called stronger sex, the better pleased they should be. Sight should not be lost, however, of the possibility that their gain will be man's loss. A man who really loves his wife wants to support her. It is a privilege, a pleasure, and a pride. The pleasure of giving is keener than that of receiving, and infinitely more beneficial. Deprive man of it, and the beast may peer out; it has long been believed that wife as well as babes were an incentive to man's labor and effort; in proportion as he is deprived of it, his ambition is lessened. Chivalry has lost much of its flavor and not a little of its display, but "women and children first" is still good form on foundered ships. It will be a sad day for man when woman becomes entirely independent!

IT is no new interpretation of love to look upon it as a species of madness, nor is it a new characterization to refer to it as frenzy. Marriages are planned, contracted, and consummated while the partners are mildly insane. The average duration of most curable psychoses is about eighteen months; this one lasts about two years, often longer. Companionate marriage gives the partners time to recover before they offer hostages to fortune. Its originator does not attempt to state definitely how long a couple should wait before they know they are adjustable, but they should wait until they are sure of it before they have a baby, and until they have means to support the mother, conduct the birth with safety and comfort, and bring up the child properly. Nor does it give any hint as to when the mother should return to work after childbirth. That is a very important matter.

It is a mistake to assume that women like to work or dislike to be supported. Probably nine out of ten workingwomen hail matrimony as a liberator from the bondage of work far more joyously than as a messenger with a license for new pleasures. Few, save those who have not been compelled to work and who find killing time the poorest sport in the world, view work in the right light. If shopkeepers, manufacturers, and natural resource promoters were to share their profits with those who help make them, working people would regard work under new aspects. Should the women who try companionate marriage tell the world that self-respect is developed by self-supporting work it would help the cause.

The majority of women, not only like to be supported, they like to be protected, sheltered, and looked after generally and generously. They particularly like to have their thinking done for them. Comparatively few are lamps unto themselves, and many of those are careless to trim and keep alight their lamps. Should companionate marriage cause the light of the ideal self to burn more brightly, it would help decrease the gloom that now envelops woman's efforts at self-realization. Had Judge Lindsey deleted his recent book of some of the stories whose moral is necessity of marriage reformation, and filled the space thus obtained by pointing out how his plan would make it easier and surer for us to reach our goal—self-development,

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Dissonance in the Republican Chorus

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

AN old song, out of mind for a quarter of a century, is hummed and whistled softly in Washington—about the Capitol, in House and Senate office buildings, in the clubs, on the streets. A line of the refrain may serve to identify the tune:

Somebody else is getting it, right where they handed it to me.

All of the musically inclined are Democrats.

"Birds of a feather love company," or words tantamount. And the Democrats are finding that the Republicans have sprouted a misery plumage.

Not every man in the world wants the Republican nomination for President—in 1928. Mr. Coolidge has made the fact clear that he will not have it—made it perfectly clear to everybody except Senator Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio. Senator Fess is a college professor, and naturally has peculiar ideas as to what English words mean.

Mr. Hughes, too, will not have the nomination. Less hedged about than a President by the pointed pickets of circumspection, he has said and resaid, not only that he will not seek, but that he will not accept it.

Those two renunciations leave the Republicans without a candidate in the East. And, worse, it makes inevitable, as the inevitable now appears, a contest between Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Vice-President Dawes, each of whom is more unsatisfactory than the other to the practical politicians who go to the National Convention with a few delegates in their pockets.

Either of these men knows less than nothing about the game of politics, and the other knows only half as much. To play politics with either of them as President would be to play chess under Marquis of Queensbury rules. That is to say, the rules that either of them knows are not the rules of politics at all.

Neither of them may be nominated, but, if not, both of them must be killed off, and they are the two livest things in the party. True, Mr. Dawes has said that he is not a candidate and that he is for Lowden. But the Republican politicians think they know a double pass when they see it.

DIXON MERRITT, *an associate editor of The Outlook, sends us this staff correspondence from Washington, where he is now stationed.*

Why should all of this delight the Democrats?

Oh, merely because, in the circus of politics, the acrobatic lady known as Harmony no longer keeps her trunk in the elephant tent.

THE Republican National Committee recently met in Washington, and Harmony was not among those present.

At times the assembly room sounded like Madison Square Garden—rather as Madison Square Garden might have sounded without Tom Walsh as moderator. And there was nothing at issue except the place of holding the Convention of 1928. Twenty ballots were taken before a decision was reached.

The contest was between Detroit and San Francisco—and Kansas City won. That happened because Chairman (some time Senator) Butler wanted it to happen, and his wanting it to happen brought about the greatest display of unharmony.

There had been assurances, so Detroit and San Francisco and others said, that there would be no taking of sides on the part of those higher up. Then, it is said, Chairman Butler quietly passed the word that Kansas City was to be chosen.

Democrats have sometimes said hard things about Chairman Shaver. There have even been intimations as to what he does not know. But any such seeming hard words are as goose down compared to some of the things said by Republicans about Chairman Butler.

WHILE that unpleasantness was gathering depth and sweep the members of the National Committee went to the White House to hear the President speak. Mr. Coolidge came in hurriedly, flushed and frock-coated, from a visit to the visiting Governor-General of Canada.

He read what every correspondent in Washington had already read, which was nothing much. Mr. Coolidge can say less in more words than any other man who has ever been in the White House.

Then he read what nobody suspected, what had not been included in the advance copies of his speech: that he meant what he said when he chose to say that he did not choose to run for President in 1928.

Mr. Coolidge can say more in fewer words than any other man who ever spoke from so lofty a platform.

Consider this sentence:

"My decision will be respected."

And of that sentence consider, particularly, the word "will."

He might have said, "My decision must be respected," but that would have been nowhere near so strong as what he did say. "Must" would have been a sort of plea to be let alone. "Will" had the ring of finality.

The word "will" is a wonder. It is the language of authority. Teacher says, "Richard and Robert will place these problems on the blackboard." And neither Dick nor Bob suspects that she means maybe. The general sends an order to the colonel, "You will proceed with your regiment," etc. And the colonel knows that the court martial will get him for insubordination if he does not.

The word "will" is enough to convince everybody that Mr. Coolidge is not to be nominated in 1928—everybody except Senator Fess. He sees nothing in it to keep the Republicans from nominating Mr. Coolidge if they want to.

SENATORS BINGHAM and Ferris have not agreed with Senator Fess. They would not. They, too, are college professors.

THE one overt act provoked by Mr. Coolidge's declaration that his decision had got to be respected was the throwing into the ring of the hat of Senator Willis beside those of Senator Curtis and Senator Norris.

One way for the Republican National Convention of 1928 to keep from having more candidates than delegates would be to limit the contest to Senators whose names end in "is."

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A New Sky Pilot on an Old Trail

By FRED EASTMAN

"GOOD-BY, God, I'm going to the Iron Range!" was a common expression in Minnesota a dozen years ago. On that narrow strip of hills in the heart of the great north country tens of thousands of newly arrived immigrants, representing a score of nationalities, were struggling in a mêlée of racial, political, and industrial conflicts. It was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost—and the devil was very busy. God seemed not to have a look-in.

Into that mêlée a young missionary—William J. Bell—threw himself, determined to bring some sort of order out of the spiritual chaos. He was not concerned with building a church or establishing a denomination, but with creating a new generation of human beings. Fifteen years he has been at it. Today results show. To be sure, all the changes during these years cannot be laid to any one man; a host of men and women have made their contribution. Yet the labors and spirit of this man are distinctive; and a decent recognition of his service no one will wish to take from him.

To understand the nature of his work, one needs to know something of the region where he labors and the polyglot character of the people he serves, and how he came to be here. Twenty years ago this was lumber country and the stamping-ground of some twenty thousand lumberjacks, whose souls were looked after by Frank Higgins, a famous sky pilot. Today iron-ore mining has taken the place of lumbering. Eighty thousand or more immigrants from twenty nations work mines where once only the ring of the lumberjack's ax broke the stillness of the primeval forest. The pioneer has passed; a new social order with a staggering array of complicated human problems has the stage. Higgins is dead, and Bell, a new kind of sky pilot—a stalwart, fair-haired young friend of man—goes up and down the old trail, or, more accurately, that part of it known as the Mesaba Range.

In 1913 young Bell, a senior in Princeton Theological Seminary, won a fellowship that entitled him to a year's study abroad. He expected to start in the fall of that year. Before going he volunteered for a summer's work along Frank Higgins's old trail. Himself a Minnesota boy, he had heard years before from Higgins's own lips the nature of the work among the lumberjacks, and the tale had fired his imagination.

"Higgins's old trail isn't what it used to be—it is all changed now," he was told by the Presbyterian mission board to which he applied.

"Send me there for a summer and let me see how it is changed and what needs to be done now," he answered. They sent him.

So he journeyed to the Mesaba. He found a strange country. The Indians call this range the Mesaba—"Prostrate Giant"—because it resembles a human form stretched prone upon the landscape. It varies in width from one-half mile to three or four miles and is about one hundred and twenty miles long. Bell stood on its ridge and looked over a marvelous yet desolate expanse of burned-over and chopped-over hills. He saw no farms and no factories. Here and there he saw strange, red gashes in the body of the giant—great open pits. Around each pit he saw a cluster of company houses and squatters' shacks—a "location" of the miners. The larger locations had developed into villages. He saw trains chug-chugging over the hills, bringing new thousands of miners—Slovenes, Italians, Finns, Swedes, Croats, and what-not.

He came down from the ridge and began to call upon the miners. He found that he had to apply at the back doors of their houses, for the front doors were nailed shut through the long winters. What he found in those homes blasted his dream of taking that coveted trip abroad for another year's study.

He found loneliness—the loneliness of strange people in a strange land. On his back he carried a pack of Bibles in various languages. He would knock upon the door of an immigrant's home, and when it opened he would get one foot inside. Next he would guess at the language of the person who had opened to him.

"Horvatski?" A shake of the head indicated a bad guess.

"Soumilinen?" A vigorous nod of assent. Yes, the family was Finnish. Whereupon he would hand out a Finnish Bible. "The experience most poignant in the minds of these immigrants," Bell told me, "is the utter loneliness of their lives upon their arrival in this country. There is something wistful about them, especially as they talk about their children—and there are always children in every home, often a dozen or more to a family."

He found ignorance—ignorance of the heart and the spirit as well as of customs and language. While the miners liked him and his neighborly ways, they did not understand the reason for them. There, for example, was Big Joe, a miner in whose tar-paper shack Bell called one evening. Big Joe had just come from the mines and was "washing up" for his evening meal. Bell had tried to stretch the dozen Finnish words he knew into a conversation, but soon exhausted their permutations and combinations. Then he ventured a little English. He pointed to the cook-stove, from which came an odor of roasting meat.

"Beef?" he asked, sniffing.

"God," replied Big Joe.

"What?" queried Bell, puzzled.

"God—my god," insisted Big Joe. Still Bell did not understand. Big Joe walked to the stove, opened the oven door and pointed a finger at the roast. "That my god!" he said, as he rubbed a great hand over his belly and laughed a loud guffaw.

"You couldn't blame these Finns for their antagonism to religion," Bell explained to me. "In the old country they were completely fed up with a state religion. Their Church was a part of a political system that oppressed them. When they reached this country, they wanted no more of religion—or what they had always been told was religion."

Bell was a constant source of wonder to these Finns. He was not a "black coat." He wore ordinary clothes—khaki knickers and a lumberjack shirt. He had a radiant, friendly smile. He cared for the poor and lowly. They could not believe that he was a minister of the Church, for the ministers they had known were not of this sort.

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Keystone

A crippled miner of the Iron Range and his children

He found fear—fear of unemployment, of poverty, of hunger. Iron mining is a seasonal occupation. When the mines close down in winter, there is no other industry on the range to employ these men, and it is not uncommon to find the head of a family who has been unable to secure work for the last three or four months.

He found hatred—an ignorant hatred stimulated by the I. W. W. and other radical organizations. It was not hard to understand why the I. W. W. made such a drive upon these miners. Nearly sixty per cent of America's supply of iron comes from the Mesaba Range. To be able to tie up the Mesaba would practically mean the ability to tie up the iron and steel industry of this country.

Bell's fighting spirit was aroused. The loneliness, the ignorance, the fear, the class hatred, challenged him. But he found a stronger call in another quarter. It was in the children of these immigrants. Their parents might be too old to change, but must the children grow up with no one to lead them in a better way? Must the children inherit only their parents' spiritual ignorance, their racial and national antagonisms, their class hatreds? The children were coming on at a mighty rate. The cleavage between parents and children was widening day by day.

He took up his residence in the little mining village of Mountain Iron. There he gathered about himself a group of immigrant children. He taught them games and handcraft—basket and hammock making, carpentry, and the like. But he taught them also the folk-lore of their various homelands, and something of that inner bundle of ideals and convictions about God and human freedom, about life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that we call America. And he had them memorize some of the great passages of the Bible—the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, the Twenty-third Psalm, and several others. They learned to sing together and, singing, to forget the barriers that separated their parents.

LET me try to give a few snap-shots of Bell as he goes about his work.

It is evening. We are at camp on Perch Lake, on the Hudson Bay side of the great divide. We have spent the day at half a dozen "locations," and have wound up here, where sixteen Girl Scouts are camping in little rough-hewn shacks beside the water—shacks that Bell's Boy Scouts have built for themselves and for these other groups which he has organized. Supper is over. We have climbed a hill high above the lake. "Tell us a story?" ask the girls when they have finished their "sing." Bell sits by the fire and tells them the story of Achan, that old Israelite who violated the rules of the game and brought defeat upon his people and death upon himself. He tells it simply and in everyday language, but the dramatic elements of the story grip the girls and they listen intently until he is done. No need to point a moral or preach a sermon. Not a girl around the camp-fire but feels the quickening impulse to greater loyalty to the group. Other stories follow, and then more songs, until night closes down and the stars come out. Then Bell drives forty miles home to his night's rest.

It is morning, six-thirty by the clock. Bell is seated in his little office, writing notes. Before him is propped a card with these names: Joe Kvan, Ida Lindor, Julia Haetaja, Ruth Swanson, Buddy Sovde, and twenty more. They are young friends of his on the range who are having birthdays this week. He writes each one a birthday note. In a year he writes about two thousand such notes; and each note is a cord that draws them closer to him.

It is ten o'clock on a Sunday night. The day has been long and hard. He left Mountain Iron at eight in the morning, drove twenty miles to Carson Lake, conducted a Sunday school for fifty Yugoslovak youngsters who had gathered in the schoolhouse there; then eight miles farther to Keewatin, where he preached in the Francis Higgins Memorial Chapel; then dined with a Bohemian woman who used to cook for Higgins when he tramped this trail; then pushed on fifteen miles to Calumet, where he preached in the schoolhouse; then back forty miles to Mountain Iron to meet his Hi-Y group of boys, and to preach to his congregation here. Weary, he stretches his legs before his fireside, while Mrs. Bell, whose own day has been almost as hard, opens a book to read to him. The telephone rings. He answers it.

"Mist' Bell, my little boy, he burned —burned wit' da powder! You come, Mist' Bell, dam queek, please!" And Bell puts on his hat and goes out into the night to find that Italian family,

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Is Sleep Only a Bad Habit?

By WALTER RALEIGH

REVOLUTIONIZE a man's diet, his philosophy, his manners of dress, and his economic ideas, but attempt to convince him that he can do with less than eight hours of sleep each night, and you are very likely doomed to failure. The idea that man must spend one-third of his life in sleep is so firmly intrenched in the human mind that it is next to impossible to drive it out.

Why must we sleep away one-third of our total existence? Where did the idea originate that we must sleep eight hours out of our precious twenty-four?

Popular belief says that Alfred the Great divided time into three equal parts, and taught that one part should be given to sleep. Because he was a good king, and an unusually wise one, the inference was that, if Alfred said it, it was so. And for more than a thousand years the superstition has persisted.

As a matter of fact, Alfred was badly misquoted. What he did say was that one-third of each day should be given to sleep, diet, and exercise—that is, that a man should devote eight hours to sleeping, eating, and whatever form of exercise or recreation he desired. There is nothing to show that Alfred himself spent even six hours in sleep.

Even if it were customary a thousand years ago to sleep eight hours every night, it does not follow that this amount of sleep fits our needs today. Our forefathers in olden times had little inducement to stay awake at night. They had only the rushlight and the candle to light their homes, and venturing out of the house at night, with robbers and wild beasts about, was apt to prove unhealthy.

Did We First Sleep to Pass Away Time?

TODAY electric lights make our night life attractive and amusing and—more or less—safe. It is interesting that Thomas A. Edison, who invented the incandescent light, is quoted as believing that sleep is only a bad habit acquired in the time when, having no means of artificial illumination, we learned to sleep in order to fill in the time between sun and sun.

He is supported in this theory by Dr. H. L. Hollingworth, eminent psychologist at Columbia University, who holds that our ancestors of prehistoric times, hemmed in by absolute darkness at nightfall, slept merely to pass away the time from one day to the next.

ALL physicians are practically agreed, we believe, that growing boys and girls need ample sleep. To what degree physicians are agreed as to the need of adults for sleep we are not so sure. At any rate, it is interesting to learn what is believed about it by psychologists. That is what this article tells. —THE EDITORS.

"According to this theory," says Dr. Hollingworth, "those who insisted on prowling about both day and night failed to survive as long as the others did, because in the darkness of those primitive unelectric days they were so easily destroyed by lurking foes and wild animals. Again, perhaps they would lose their way during the night in the desert, forest, or swamp; or they might slip and fall over unseen precipices. So they left practically no descendants to imitate their sleepless example.

"Thus our genuine ancestors were those cautious savages who went abroad in daylight, when their way was clear before them, but hid in utter silence and quiet when the dangerous night came on. Now this was probably rather difficult for a healthy man to do—coop himself up all through the long hours of darkness; so the individuals best fitted for survival were those who had, as an accidental variation, a tendency to while away that period by falling into a stupor.

"In this way arose sleep—a hereditary, instinctive adaptation to darkness.

We Still Have the Annoying Habit

"WE today still inherit that instinct, despite its uselessness. It is 'useless,' according to this theory, because now we can turn night into day by merely pressing a button; we need no longer be afraid of the dark, as were our ancestors. But the fact remains that we do inherit this disastrous habit, just as we inherit our annoying appendix, our eyebrows, our useless tonsils, our dangerous wisdom teeth, the degenerate muscles that wiggle our ears, and a number of other vestigial traces of our lowly origin."

Whether or not we agree with Dr. Hollingworth's theory that sleep is an acquired and useless instinct, the fact remains that we cannot stay awake over a long period of time without feeling some ill effects. Just how serious and how prolonged are the effects of going without sleep?

Not as serious or as prolonged as people commonly believe, answers Dr. F. A. Moss, Professor of Applied Psychology at George Washington University, who recently conducted an interesting experiment in insomnia. Dr. Moss selected for his experiment eight subjects of widest variability in sleeping habits, and these eight individuals, four men and four women, went without sleep for sixty hours.

No Special Harm in Losing Sleep

THEY were given physical and mental tests at the beginning of the experiment and at the end. After sixty hours of wakefulness, it was found that the body changes in every case were similar to the changes found in various stages of intoxication. This points to the theory that sleep is the result of the development of certain poisons elaborated during wakefulness. These poisons are developed by the neurones as a result of continued activity, and tend to produce sleep by a purely chemical action, somewhat as chloroform or ether produces sleep.

According to this theory, if you are sleepy you are slightly inebriated. It is startling to think that most of us get "drunk" every night and go to bed to "sleep it off."

Dr. Moss found that the lung capacity was little affected by loss of sleep and that, although the strength was slightly decreased at the end of the period of wakefulness, the weight of the subjects showed no constant change in either direction.

One of the most striking observations

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on the experiment was that the mental alertness of the subjects seemed little affected by the prolonged period of insomnia. After they had gone one night without sleep they returned next day to their regular vocations. Their work consisted of such varied tasks as statistical work, biological research, card filing, teaching, stenographic and other related work. In no case was an individual unable to execute his work with the usual degree of efficiency.

The Brain Needs but Little Sleep

EVERY one of the eight individuals felt that he or she had not lost very much, if any, from the standpoint of mental efficiency. One of the subjects had the following in her notes:

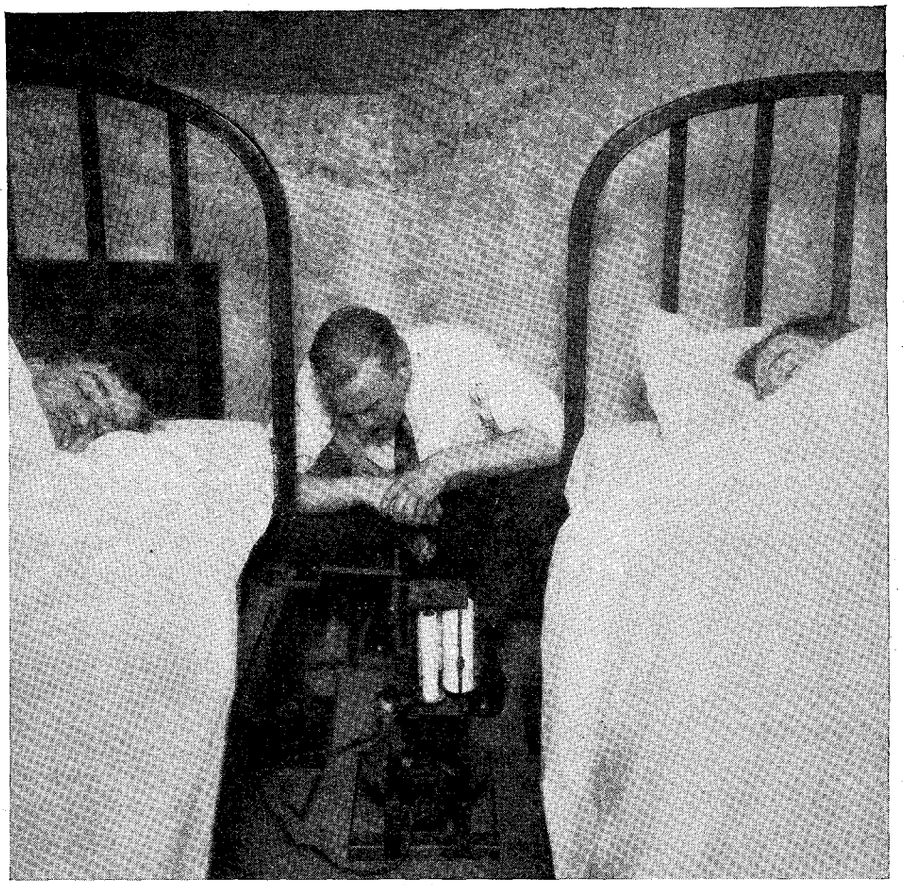
"However much I may wish or you may wish that our brains could rightfully demand that eight hours of sleep, the results are here in black and white—scores on the mental tests after sixty hours without sleep equal to and higher than scores made before the vigil, and this discounting for practice work on the same type of mental tasks. Seventy-eight hours' vigil failed to reduce the scores of two subjects even a point. A tendency on the part of one of these two men when unoccupied to doze about four times a minute did not prevent his brain from being called into action when there was anything to do."

After completing the experiment the subjects were told to go home and sleep from seven to twelve hours and report to the laboratory for final tests. It was found that the average time of sleep of the subjects after sixty hours of wakefulness was nine hours. After a sleep of that length the tests showed that they were approximately back to normal.

The fact that nine hours' sleep is sufficient to restore one to normal after sixty hours of insomnia is of tremendous importance, and leaves little doubt that there lie within each of us latent powers which we do not use at all. In other experiments men have gone without sleep for over a hundred hours and required less than twenty hours to "catch up."

Using Our Latent Powers

IF we could grow accustomed to using these latent powers, it would have a profound effect on the future of the world. This is the way Dr. Moss sums up the practical aspects of the problem of sleep:



TESTING THE SOUNDNESS OF SLEEP

G. E. Weigand, at the Simmons Foundation, in Pittsburgh, adjusting the kinetograph, which records the major body movements of sleepers

"During the first twenty years of life man can accomplish relatively little, for this is the period of preparation. The next forty years are the productive period, and, as a rule, the years subsequent to sixty are relatively unproductive. Of these forty years two-thirds is spent by most men in sleep and unproductive recreation, leaving not quite fourteen years of life for productive activity. If by building up new habits, or by the discovery of some other means whereby the amount of sleep required by most persons can be cut down to six hours instead of eight hours a night, it would be possible to increase this period of possible productiveness one-fourth. Whether such an attempt would be followed by any injurious effects on the organism no one is at present in a position to say. Only a series of carefully planned experiments can determine whether reducing the number of hours of sleep, if gradually done, produces any bad results in the organism."

If there is any way of cutting down the sleeping time of the average man, it will be that of "speeding up" his sleeping apparatus. Dr. Moss says that it is not so much how long we sleep as how fast our sleep mechanisms work while we sleep.

Some Are Fast Sleepers

IT is well known that some persons can do with less sleep than others—that is, that their sleeping mechanisms work faster than is the case with others. Some persons of the neurasthenic type go to sleep, and after ten or twelve hours of disturbed slumber awake just as exhausted as when they went to sleep, or even more so. Other persons of the type of Edison or Napoleon seem perfectly able to eliminate whatever toxins are present on four or five hours of sleep and to awaken thoroughly refreshed.

In connection with the question of speeding up man's sleeping mechanism, it is important to note that deep sleep, which is the best and most restorative, comes almost immediately upon going to bed, and that sleep tends to become lighter up until the hour of waking.

Dr. H. M. Johnson, who is head of the Simmons Foundation for the Study of Sleep at the Mellon Institute, in Pittsburgh, bears out this fact from his ex-

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Lights Down

A Review of the New York Theatre

Melodramatic Artillery—Followed by Music

IT must be increasingly clear to any one who reviews the plays in New York this winter that the average person who goes to the theatre is being given a terrible dose of murder, pistol shots, and death. A man who is fortunate may choose some exceptional play like "The Ivory Door" or "The Shannons of Broadway," and so escape without going to a musical show. But all others are doomed. Witness "Porgy," "Escape," "Coquette," "Four Walls," "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—the list is long.

Death, whether accompanied by firearms or slow music, seems to be the playwright's only friend. Even "The Doctor's Dilemma" appears to have been revived for this reason—Alfred Lunt dies so engagingly. Nowhere, however, is the tendency better exemplified than in two of the latest acquisitions which bid fair to be genuinely popular—"Nightstick" and "The Racket," both crime-police melodramas.

"Nightstick" fairly bristles with guns; so much so that when finally they are used one is almost relieved. The zero hour has come at last and the fighting is on. Even the suspense is what might be called pistol suspense. Other emotions are pale beside it. Nobody cares who is going to win the girl. The real question is, Who is going to be shot?

"The Racket" is more subtle. In this Chicago show guns are talked about a great deal—pardon us, "rods"—but they do not obtrude until suddenly they are fired. Of course, the surprise is obvious—once the spectator has resumed his seat. Previous to that, however, heavy firing has not been expected. It is much as if the Plaza Hotel suddenly opened with sixteen-inch guns into Central Park while the timid theatre-goer was sitting on a bench by the lake.

We do not mean by this that "The Racket" and "Nightstick" do not differ except in the method of artillery firing used. They do. "Nightstick" is clearly New York, and professionally written. "The Racket" shows the hand of the sincere amateur, and is full only of Chicago. The characters even talk of New York—which proves it. (Chicago is not mentioned in "Nightstick.")

Beyond that, "Nightstick" devotes itself to proving that the romantic criminal who is supposed to be nervy and daring in reality shoots honest policemen in the back, and when unmasked and caught is not at all the sort of superman who engages feminine admiration in the public prints. "The Racket," on the other hand, doesn't try to prove anything so intellectual as that, but spends its time telling the story of the feud between a police captain and lawless bootleggers and higher-ups (including the "Old Man," whom we are glad to welcome back to our artistic stage) and surrounds an outlying precinct station with hard-boiled Chicagoans and many reporters. The reporters—who include, of course, the cub from Nebraska whose city editor won't listen to him—are exceptionally well done. So that newspaper theatrical reviewers naturally think it is a fine play.

Which it isn't. To be exact, when the prisoners started going out to lunch we lost interest—except in gun-play. The characters themselves had almost worn us out trying to prove they were hard-boiled, when we knew they were really only some awfully nice fellows and a girl using simply terrible language.

The best thing about the reporters was that one of them carried the "American Mercury" and another The Outlook. Since both journals were thus in evidence, we hoped neither had anything to do with the language employed.

Our own secret about "Nightstick" is that we weren't going to review it because a friend of ours is one of the playwrights, and after seeing the final scene—when the play turned silly and upset everybody because the nervy criminal wept and groveled and thought he was shot by a blank cartridge—we didn't want to be unkind. But other friends were more genuine friends than we turned out to be, and insisted that this last scene be rewritten. Which it has been—and the course of history thus changed.

"Nightstick" now is a better play than "The Racket," although the break is even on actual firing. If you like the bang-bang type of melodrama, you will enjoy either or both.

After viewing such desperate affairs perhaps music is soothing—or at least welcome.

Anyway, "The Connecticut Yankee," in a musical setting, seems a very passable entertainment.

In this musical show a young lady cracks her fiancé over the head with a bottle and he wakes up fourteen hundred years back, in King Arthur's realm. An Americanization of Camelot results.

So far, not so very good.

What is excellent, however, is the music. And the lyrics. Not one time-worn rhyme assails the ear. We really believe that to rhyme "for the nonce" with *"Honi soit qui mal y pense"* is to be original.

People brought up on the "Idylls of the King" will be hard hit to find Arthur, Guinevere, Launcelot, and the rest so far from one's glamourous imaginings. But they may be encouraged to find an amazing agility among Galahad's attributes—which was something with which we had never credited him.

Our Own Theatre List

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history, providing an amusing evening.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"Porgy," Republic.—A folk-play of South Carolina Negro life along the Charleston water-front.

"The Good Hope," Civic Repertory Theatre.—A slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—A tragedy of youth and small-town life in the South.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—A lively song-and-dance affair in a college setting.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

"Funny Face," Alvin Theatre.—The Astaires dramatizing Gershwin's rhythms. Musical comedy at its best.

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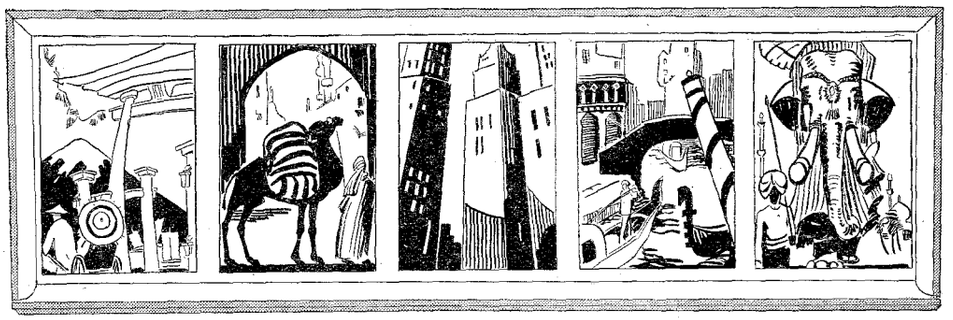

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

WE shall soon be hearing a good deal of another European challenge to America—a chemical trust designed to control world markets and compete with the United States. American industry has gained a position of new leadership in this field since the World War. Announced some weeks ago, the European chemical accord went into effect lately by action of the industries in France and Germany. Great Britain has now united with them, and Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland are expected to join in what is to be a billion-dollar combine.

Reserving home markets for themselves, the three national partners agree to divide the export trade, on the basis of about 75 per cent for Germany, 13 per cent for Great Britain, and 12 per cent for France, and at the same time to buy from one another such products as they do not make nationally.

What this means to America the chemical export estimate for 1927 indicates—a value of some $180,000,000, or nearly one-twelfth of the total production. So American exporters are seeking authority to form a chemical foreign-trade association to hold their position.

Europe, after all, is simply trying to do what the United States has already done—organize economic life and activity on a continental scale. If Europe can succeed, against the far greater handicaps of different languages and national traditions, the gain will more than offset any loss in contested markets, for Europe as a whole will be a much better and more prosperous market.

MORE than anything else, I suspect, American money in foreign loans is going to change our ideas of the relations of the United States with the rest of the world. During the first eleven months of this year nearly a billion and a half dollars went into investments abroad—about $175,000,000 above the total for the whole of 1926. Can this new practical concern of Americans with commitments in other countries fail to cause a fresh consideration of our foreign policies?

THE HAND of the dead Jon Bratianu still has its grip on Rumania. His brother, Vintila, formerly Minister of Finance and now Premier in place of the late dictator, faces fierce opposition from the National Peasant Party, that favors the return of the exiled Crown Prince Carol to Rumania. In Julius Maniu this faction has a determined and intelligent leader who dares to attack the head of the administration openly in the Parliament and to demand "a complete change in the whole system of governing." And Vintila Bratianu, because of his responsibility for the finances of Rumania, will have to deal with the accusation that huge deficits in the national treasury have been concealed. M. Manoilescu, Prince Carol's emissary, brought out this charge at the court martial ordered by the former dictator, which acquitted Manoilescu of conspiracy to restore Carol to the throne.

Despite these difficulties, Vintila Bratianu declares confidently that he will pursue the policies, domestic and foreign, which his brother laid down, "while endeavoring to strike a new note by achieving closer relations with all nations, whether war allies or not."

Ever since the father of these two sons pulled Rumania together as a nation and set a Hohenzollern Prince on the throne the Bratianu spirit has ruled her affairs; and the Bratianu combination of business and politics seems likely to continue to identify her destiny with the ambition of one dominant family.

WOMEN in Great Britain will vote on the same terms as men, if the announced program of the present Conservative Cabinet is carried out. Now they have the right only at the age of thirty, while their brothers vote at twenty-one. When the suffrage reform goes into effect, the Secretary for Home Affairs estimates that the electorate will comprise 14,500,000 women as against 12,500,000 men. But if the record so far is any indication, that will mean no great change—except perhaps to establish the Conservatives more firmly in power.

To get Will Rogers and Lindbergh to visit Mexico was an inspiration. With Dwight W. Morrow, they appear to make an invincible team. The cowboy humorist cracking jokes at a bullfight and actually using his lariat has made a great hit with President Calles and the Mexicans, and what Rogers writes will carry a new impression of Mexico to millions in the United States. Lindbergh, if he repeats the impression that he made in Paris and influences Mexican feeling in anything like the same degree, will achieve a mission of personal diplomacy as important as his first unpremeditated conquest of France.

Mexico is facing a deficit of $24,000,000 in the operations of the Government for the current year, according to a recent Treasury forecast. And her foreign-debt obligations for the next year amount to two-fifths of her national income. So there is a new need for friendly co-operation. For these reasons Mexicans are awaiting with interest the recommendations Ambassador Morrow

(*Continued on page 509*)

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Ivory Apes & Peacocks

The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

IT seems incredible to us, after all the good advice which we have been pouring into your unwilling ears for the past few weeks, that you should have neglected to provide appropriate Christmas gifts for all your family and friends. If you find, however, at this late date, that you have neglected our admonitions, and have failed to make the necessary selections, we offer below a few additional suggestions which may be helpful.

The key penknife, for instance. This is a gold-plated knife with two blades, and a key blank which can be filed to fit the owner's front door—or his cellar door, if he is that kind of person.

There is a table tray which is a very useful gift. This is of red lacquer. You carry it in as a tray, touch a lever, and the legs, which are folded up underneath, spring into action and it becomes a very personable table.

A red tray that holds two glasses—holds them firmly, too—and can be attached to a card-table strikes us as a very useful device. The glasses are below the level of the table and leave the top free for the cards and the chips and the players' elbows. None of those wet rings on the table and consequent stickinesses on cards and fingers.

Then there are several refreshment cases or tables which make very good gifts. They are simply square boxes, on legs. You open the cover, and up come bottles and glasses and shaker and sandwich and cigarette boxes. These come in a variety of woods, and in some the glasses and bottles are of crystal.

Speaking of refreshments, we have seen a cocktail shaker which starts to play a tune as soon as you lift it up and begin to pour. Also musical pitchers and cigarette boxes. We see no limit to the application of this principle. Why not musical dishpans to take away the drudgery of housework, or musical lawnmowers, or why doesn't some one invent a musical alarm clock?

For the golfer there is a golf-ball marker that looks something like a very superior nutcracker. You put the ball in, and a very moderate hand pressure prints your full name.

There are two new applications of the electric flashlight. For the man who goes out a good deal evenings there is the walking-stick with a light in the handle, and for the man who stays in and goes to bed early there is the combination pencil and flashlight, by means of which he can write in the dark. This would be an excellent device for the doctor's bedside table.

For any one who is fond of flowers there is an adjustable window flower-shelf which fits any window, and on which plants can be put to get the sun.

A YEAR ago last summer we went on our vacation. Nothing unusual about that, you say. Quite so. When we got to the end of our journey and found ourself alone in our bedroom with our traveling bag, we discovered, to our horror, that we had either lost the key or left it behind. There was no communication possible between ourself and the contents of the bag, and no locksmith within many miles. Nothing unusual about that, either. It has happened to all of us. But last summer we did things differently. We didn't think about the key at all, and there wasn't any frantic search for it when we reached our destination. We carried the key in our head. We had bought a bag equipped with one of those new combination locks,[1] and we had no trouble at all. You can get luggage of all kinds and sizes, from a brief-case up to a wardrobe trunk, fitted with these locks. And you can also get combination padlocks in several sizes—one of them with a long hasp for a golf bag. Of course it is possible that a very absent-minded man might forget the combination, but if he does he deserves to have trouble. There are some numbers and dates that even the most absent-minded man has no excuse for forgetting. The date of his wife's birthday, for instance.

FOR ILLUMINATING Christmas trees you can get lighting outfits, consisting of eight small Mazda bulbs of different colors, strung on a wire and equipped with a plug to fit a lamp socket. You can have as many lamps as you like, as the sets of eight can be attached one to another.

The doll-houses are fascinating, and complete. One three-story five-room house is furnished complete, with electric lights. Another house has an elevator. If you want to buy the house empty and furnish it yourself, there is doll furniture of every kind, and there are dishes and umbrella-stands and clocks and pictures and bird-cages and vacuum-cleaners and carpets—everything, in fact, that a household would need, even a crib for the doll baby.

When we were a child, we would probably have gone mad with joy if any one had given us a toy theatre. These are from sixteen inches to two feet high and have backdrops, scenery, and figures for a number of different plays. We personally, like these things better than the highly specialized mechanical toys which seem to us to give little scope to the child's imagination. The Punch and Judy Show, too, is good in this respect. This comes in two sizes and has ten marionettes.

W. R. B.

[1] Sesamee locks.

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DRURY COLLEGE Springfield, Missouri

The Doctor Looks at Companionate Marriage

(Continued from page 494)

spiritual growth, happiness, usefulness—he might have made, at least, some potential converts.

Possibly parents might be induced to put before their children in their plastic years two concrete facts: their duty to God and nature is to have children; their duty to themselves and state is self-realization. They should be taught all that is known about these duties and the best way of discharging them. So long as children are brought up in crass ignorance of the fundamental principles of physical and spiritual growth, as they now are, we shall continue to be as uncertain of our marital footing. Should that ignorance be dispelled, we might confidently look for safer and better matrimony.

THERE is no doubt that much of matrimony's success depends upon sexual sympathy and adaptation. Companionate marriage aims to determine that before children are born. But the very means that it employs, and that it suggests should be made legal, tend to defeat that end. Its advocates may deny it, but my conviction is based upon what has been told me by those who have essayed it. I fancy that most physicians who have had large experience will agree.

It is to be presumed that all who contemplate or contract companionate marriage hope to have and intend to have children. They should be informed that the longer they delay, the less the likelihood that they will have them. This is not the weightiest objection to this form of marriage, but it is a serious one. It will be said that many who contract the ordinary marriage postpone the advent of children. They too pay. Nature stands just so much swatting; then it swats back with sterility. A pertinent question is, How long should it take companionates to find out whether they are adjustable? Some discerning ones can find out in a few weeks; others require several years. Surely the latter should not be denied the most enduring satisfaction of life—paternity—all that time.

ANOTHER important question for Judge Lindsey to answer is why he believes companionate marriage will promote and facilitate conjugal love. Every one who has experienced and observed it knows that it is based largely upon mutual regard and common interests. The variety of marriage that he advocates does not develop mutual interests. The partners go their respective ways, have their individual interests and engrossments, and the only thing they have in common is eating and sleeping. The feature of companionate marriage that many who do not see eye to eye with the Church find most repugnant is the one that seeks to establish that the female partner is not damaged by the companionship that she has experienced. From the physician's point of view, she may or may not be. It depends. To claim that sex experience *per se* injures woman is to claim an absurdity. But the strength of tradition is measureless, and there is no better established tradition than that a woman who has sex relations beyond sacramental or civil matrimony is "damaged goods." The companionate advocate will say that she has been married and that her assets as wife and mother have not been depleted by her experience. Her status is the same as that of one widowed by fate or law.

However one looks upon marriage, he must admit that it is an important discipline. If it can be dissolved for the asking, our characters are sure to suffer.

Companionate marriage has merit, but it has one tremendous demerit. By separating sex relations and parenthood it razes the strongest pillar of matrimony. Many a man puts up with a wife who has borne him children and many a woman tolerates her spouse because he has been the means by which she has fulfilled her physiological destiny and permitted her the kind of love that surpasses all others.

One has to adjust one's self to life after middle age as well as before. Children are the medium that accomplishes it. The parental urge can be substituted only in youth. Delays are proverbially dangerous; never more so than in parenthood. Youth is selfish. When age brings altruism, it is oftentimes accompanied by incapacity.

PARENTHOOD is the most important business of life and self-realization the most imperative duty. Birth control fetters the former, but it may facilitate the latter by putting idealism, upon which all serious-minded thinking men and women believe the future of the race depends, upon a higher level. Women have to be good for the sake of being good; men, that women may consent to bear them children.

There is not the smallest likelihood that companionate marriage will become "good form." The tyrant custom or convention rules with great ease in this country. Our National infirmity is spiritual indolence. We have profound aversion to change and the devil's alleged hatred of holy water is mild compared to our hatred of heresy. We have rules of conduct and are determined that our fellows shall hold fast to them. We have standards of morality to which they must conform, otherwise they will be visited by our special variety of dervish, who will punish them in his own special way. We are avid of praise and intolerant of criticism, and there is one thing we cannot stand—growing pains of the soul.

AS a nation we are not "psychic." This country is not a good place to start anything, particularly anything in the line of reformation. We emptied our reform reservoir in the early sixties of the last century, and we have not been able to refill it. We are hopeful that it can be accomplished, but Judge Lindsey does not encourage us much.

A most intriguing and stirring story of a most talked of subject—Companionate Marriage and how it works in real life and in

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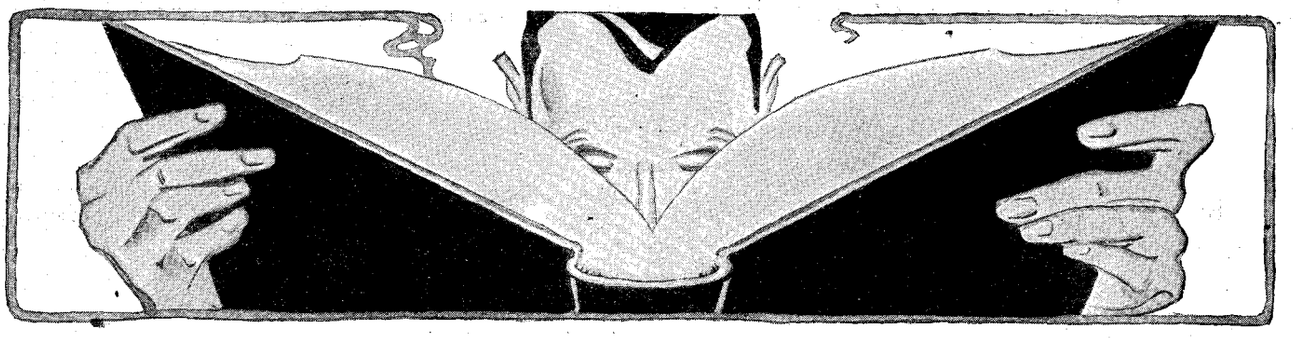

Give Us Time[1]

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

WHERE is the great-grandson of that American who had a Bible, political liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a squirrel rifle to defend his passionate belief in each of them?

Why, if we are to believe current criticism, he is the fellow who screws the valve cap on the left rear wheel of the goods that are made in Henry Ford's big plant at Dearborn. He is no longer jealous of his suffrage; except as he is roused by a friend who knows a man whose cousin in the State Legislature has indisputable proof that Al Smith's election will bring the Pope, in person, to Washington. He still believes in the Bible. Sure! Especially the story of creation.

"But listen, brother. Don't tell me Jesus Christ looked like that sick-looking fellow we used to have a picture of at home when I was a kid. You can take it from me, he didn't. Say, he was a Booster. He was a real go-getting he-man."

I wrong M. Siegfried a little by drawing this vulgar inference from his dignified and penetrating study of American life. He is an economist who can also write intelligibly; and with the logic that is characteristic of his race he gets quickly beyond the things that are manifest to the underlying influences. He is fair. He pays tribute to our efficiency, our prosperity, our amazing capacity for practical matters. He is aware that we are creating a new kind of civilization.

Yet in the exclamation marks that leap up at the end of so many of his observations I seem to see the Gaul, sure of his own cultural values, smiling ironically at the figure of an American such as I have described. The title of his book has a malicious implication. So we have come of age, have we? Then the degradation of democracy that troubled Henry Adams has been accomplished. The great adventure ends with mass production enshrined and the ideal of liberty transmuted into the ideal of prosperity.

The descendant of freemen has become a machine tender, and the squirrel rifle has been exchanged for the whip and nightshirt of the Kleagle. He buys Elbert Hubbard's "Scrap Book" for complete information on the cosmos, and enriches the publishers who promise to teach French in twenty-four lessons. In a word, M. Siegfried knows his Sinclair Lewis and his Mencken.

Now, I think that Sinclair Lewis is a not unworthy successor to such prophylactic agents as Cervantes and Rabelais. Mr. Mencken has said forcibly and pungently many things that needed saying; and a younger generation has been encouraged by him to tackle the cant and the stuffed shirts of the day.

But the game of spanking America begins to grow tiresome. It begins to follow a formula.

The Americans are very rich. Rather curious, isn't it, that a people who profess Puritan principles should have so many automobiles and bathrooms? Well, the Puritans happened to settle a rich and virgin country. They didn't know how rich at the time; and they certainly showed their good intentions by landing on the rockiest and least fertile strip of coast-line between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico.

The melting-pot. It doesn't melt and harmonize all of the ingredients that compose the American citizenry. There are signs of racial animosity. Hah! Europe, I suppose, is just one big happy family.

There is a Negro problem. That's right.

There is a prohibition question. Yeah?

Mass production. It lowers the cost of production but stultifies the creative instinct of the workman. It is accompanied by increasingly shorter hours and higher wages. American labor is in the rare position of being able to buy all, or nearly all, that American capital can produce. Nevertheless the poor workman! He can never be a craftsman like his French prototype.

Perhaps he doesn't want to be a craftsman; just as it is possible that he doesn't want to be a Frenchman.

Personal liberty isn't what it used to be. No, it isn't. There was a time when a free and independent American, suspecting that his rights were invaded or about to be invaded, could pick up his goods and move a little deeper into the wilderness, where none but the catamounts could dispute his cantankerous notions. But I have heard grandmother's tales of pioneer days, and I am willing to trade a little freedom of action for central heating, electric lights, and a shower-bath.

So it goes.

Have we a culture comparable to that of France? No. Have we a form of government as elastic and as responsive as England? No. Have we a literature equal to that of either country? No But give us time.

We have been pretty busy these last hundred years, especially the last fifty A good many things occupied our working days. If you want to know what we have been through open "America Finding Herself," the second volume of Mark Sullivan's history of our times We had to make the country habitable first. We had to dig mines, clear forests, lay rails, string wires. We had t

(*Continued on page 509*)

[1] America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace & Co.
Show Window. By Elmer Davis. The John Day Company.
Land of the Pilgrim's Pride. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.
Our Times. Vol. II—America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner's.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Everybody Is Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. We have arranged to have eight book-shops wire us each week the names of the ten best-selling volumes, which follow. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. Reviewed below.

"Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better," by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. You will find this an entertaining satirical tale dealing with the first companionate and the first Mr. and Mrs. marriages. Reviewed last week.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf. This imaginative biography of a French missionary bishop to the Southwest is fine in spiritual concept, rich in beautiful description and moving characterization. Reviewed October 26.

"Dusty Answer," by Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co. Here you will find a poetic exposition of the feelings and doings of a constantly emotional set of young English people. Reviewed December 7.

Non-Fiction

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Our Times: America Finding Herself," by Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reviewed in this issue by Parkhurst Whitney.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

Kitty

WARWICK DEEPING seems to have slipped into the place once occupied by the author of "If Winter Comes." He is the popular novelist of that very large public which wants in its fiction sentiment of the variety known as wholesome, and which is too discriminating to find the mawkish trash that is offered by most of the sentimental writers readable. "Kitty," his current book, deals with post-war England and the problems, especially the struggles between classes and generations, which distinguish it. The story is simply the account, with elaborations, of the battle between the heroine, charming, clever, and "modern" tobacconist de luxe to Mayfair, and the determined old Tory mother of her somewhat flabby but aristocratic husband for the possession of that husband. The story has an agreeable ending. Deeping's people live. He knows what they are likely to think, say, and do. It is in the naturalness of his characterizations that his success lies. The actual developments of the plot are somewhat tortuous and strain the probabilities considerably. But the people remain knowable and likable. To a reviewer who does not find the book interesting Deeping's easy and assured manner of writing and his nice sense of humor are its pleasantest features. Its great appeal, as in the case of Deeping's other recent successes, must be to those who like their problem novels cut according to a good reliable and not eccentric pattern, who are not concerned with literary values, and—and here many of us raise our right hands—who are slightly fed up with the school of writing which, brilliantly opened here by Sherwood Anderson, has become the exercising ground for so many tiresome little talents.

Have You Seen These ?

More Wild West

JINGLEBOB. By Philip Ashton Rollins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cowboys again; this time for boys. It is extraordinary the fascination this subject has for some people. There is, for example, a very famous French illustrator—so famous that it is difficult to enter a Fifth Avenue bus without seeing examples of his work—who speaks scarcely a word of English and who has never been to America. He owns, and wears upon the least provocation, a complete Western outfit, flamboyant enough to make Tom Mix bite his nails, and to accompany this he has taught himself to spin a rope as well as Fred Stone. He is a Breton and a water-colorist of great delicacy, but we are solemnly assured that the man is an authority on cowboys and the West, and so, indeed, is the author of this book.

"Jinglebob" is the story of two boys who spend a summer vacation on their uncle's ranch in Montana, taking part in a drive of three thousand head of cattle from Kansas to Montana on the way. It is all true—which should endear it to

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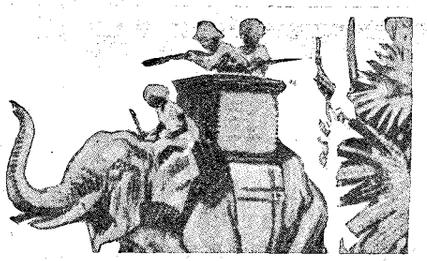

The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

An electric cable, a steam-engine, a banjo, or a mess-room toast offer occasion for song; and lo! they are converted by the alchemy of the imagination until they become a type and an illumination of the red-blooded life of mankind. The ability to achieve this is a crowning characteristic and merit of Rudyard Kipling's work.

Had Kipling stopped with his rollicking ballads of the barrack-room he would have won his place in the hall of famous poets, but he went further and higher as the uncrowned laureate of the English-speaking people.

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most boys immediately. We are assured in the preface that Jinglebob, the trail boss and hero, is a real person, and so was Jackson, the horse thief; that the cattle drive was real, and occurred in the summer of 1880; and there is little attempt to deny that Bill King, the younger of the two Eastern boys, is Philip Ashton Rollins himself. A boy who reads this book will know what a trail drive was really like, and a round-up, and a stampede, and a Montana blizzard; he will learn about remudas, and conchos, tally sticks, and a great many other fascinating things. But he will probably be the least bit disappointed, for this book, being the true story of real cowboys on a real ranch, is not particularly bloody. It seems to lack gun-play and the sheriff's beautiful daughter.

Mr. Rollins was fortunate in seeing the cattle ranges at the height of their greatness, when the cowboys and the longhorns should have been at their wildest and woolliest. Still, we get an impression of bad smells and bad food; work, endless back-breaking work, in an ugly treeless country, principally dust and alkali; but there is, there must be, a fascination to it that is hard to resist and impossible to forget. Of course, there are few old trail drivers who belong to as many New York clubs as the Social Register credits Mr. Rollins, and it is always possible that these things are the least bit more romantic from the leather seat of a Union Club armchair than from the leather seat of a Mexican saddle. Be that as it may, "Jinglebob" is a good book for your boy; but let him read "The Cowboy," Mr. Rollins's other book, first, if he hasn't already done so.

FRANCIS DE N. SCHROEDER.

Three American Novels

"A YANKEE PASSIONAL," by Samuel Ornitz (Boni & Liveright), is a mediæval mystery play as modernized and produced by the contemporary central European Jewish theatrical group. On a stage set in the expressionistic fashion, a press of characters surges about a central figure—behold this dreamer—personifications, after the manner of the mysteries, of the cunningly varied bludgeonings which life, always the enemy of dreamers, administers. The color of the scene is blinding. The plot of the play, vague and chaotic, sometimes lost in the tumult of shouting mobs, sometimes emerging in soliloquy and dialogue.

The dreamer is Dan Matthews, Maine backwoods mystic, product of Puritan dipsomaniac and Celtic Bible-worshiping parentage and of monistic education. In his youth he meets at once the lusts of the flesh and of the spirit. A tent-show medicine man's wife shows him the way of love and at the same time inspires him to that renunciation of her whereby he learns the way of salvation. He becomes a Holy Man, and his career carries him to the New York of the nineties. There in that period of fantastic faith in oncoming millenniums, political corruption, scholastic sympathies, deification of the masses, he moves from one idealistic enterprise—destroyed by the misunderstanding, opportunism, and cynicism of the world—to another, until he finds his martyrdom, his final gift to Catholicism, at the hands of white-hooded fanaticism in the Maine woods where his life began.

In the New York scenes, where Irish and Jews, ward-heelers, street-corner philosophers, proprietors of dubious hygiene magazines, opium smokers, Irish revolutionists, jostle one another for the center of the stage, and occupy it for a few moments, meeting, speaking, going their way, the author is at his best. His characterizations are broad, his characters picturesque, but lacking in differentiating detail. They are actors guided by one hand. Their speeches spring from one brain. But the effect is telling. And the outrages perpetrated by the author upon the English language, although they sometimes call forth the protest that he should be working in a more brutal medium, are, after all, a part of his accomplishment. He has committed a fierce and successful assault upon the emotions of his readers, has written distinguished spiritual melodrama.

IN "The Place Called Dagon," by Herbert Gorman (the George H. Doran Company), we enter a place of mystery and terror.

Leave the world behind you when you enter it. The author has made one of his own, and has put into it things and people. He has conjured up a phantasmagoria, and so strong is the spell that his world does not vanish when the last page of the book is turned.

The devil worshipers of old Salem, exiled or fleeing from persecution, have carried with them the relics of their faith, the charred bones of burned witches. Across the hills, they have borne them to a strangled valley, and there have buried them in a place called Dagon. Communities have sprung from these strange seekers for religious liberty and from the children of escaped convicts settled near by. Stoutly, the heritage is dismissed, half forgotten. Then

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a brilliant maniac, learned in demonology, arouses the atavistic impulses of the community and re-establishes the old religion. With the help of his lurid wife and of a minister, black masses are celebrated. The young doctor, a stranger in the community, becomes involved through his love for a girl who is selected —the spotless virgin—for sacrifice. The story partakes enough of the mystery tale to demand from a reviewer silence as to its ending. Absurd, all this sounds. But it isn't. The author has used the technique of the psychological novel with shrewdness and happy discretion. He suggests convincingly, without dotting i's and crossing t's, the shut-in community stewing in its own juice and producing the usual monstrosities of the inverted and suppressed. With fine poetic feeling he handles the melancholy that hangs over a New England landscape; the burying-ground where black juniper spreads and Michaelmas daisies droop in the winds of a bleak hillside, the staring windows of deserted houses lit by a cold sunset—from these he makes an atmosphere in which fantastic creatures out of old horror tales come to life, in which the incredible comes true.

"SPLENDOR," by Ben Ames Williams (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a novel in the English tradition—long, sober, solid, peopled with round, living characters, set in the simple, sometimes tedious incident of the average life. It is the tale of the days of Henry Beeker, newspaper man, born in Boston in 1870, settling into age there in 1925. His story is also the story of the journalism during those days of vital changes. His life is humdrum, homely, sometimes sad, mostly pleasant, shot at rare intervals with flashes of strong emotion.

Starting as office boy at thirteen, he moves up through the reference-room to the high point of his career as reporter at the State House, and back again to end his days in the reference-room, where they began. Grant, the World's Fair, Free Silver, the Spanish War and Roosevelt, the Boston police strike and Coolidge—against this background of National and social alterations, changing standards in the mechanics of living and in conduct, Henry Beeker and his people move, as vital as the people who sit beside you on the morning train. As a symbol of swift change, the motive of transportation—heavy horses in old Dan Beeker's smithy, bicycle parades, trolley rides, automobiles—is repeated at intervals in the pattern of the book.

"Splendor," the author calls his book. This is the splendor of the common man as protagonist, aiming in his effort higher than he can strike and going down in scarcely perceived failure, achieving in his personal relations a fine order and a consequent peace, carrying in his soul that perception of beauty which sustains him, which, if you like, deludes him always with the promise of something splendid just ahead. The author of "Splendor" does excellent and profitable stories for the magazines. He must have foregone the sure success of many for the sake of this, so obviously doubtful on that score. One suspects that this is "his book," the book that has lain ripening in his breast for years. In its broad sympathy, in the sincerity which marks it, in the courage he had to write it as it was, Ben Ames Williams has achieved, himself, a certain splendor.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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Give Us Time

(*Continued from page 504*)

get our factories humming. Ever so often we had a war; and in the interim we were distracted and embroiled with a trust issue and a free-silver issue and imperialism and what not. We believed in universal education and put the belief into practice; but a lot of us stopped reading when we were through with McGuffey.

So it was inevitable that we should arrive at 1927 a little lopsided. Some of us can't see yet that art is an integral part of life; a symbol of man's highest aspirations, linking him with the creative force behind the universe. There are Americans who own two automobiles and at the same time believe that a *savant* who was christened, let us say, Picollini, is necessarily inferior to a State college graduate who answers to the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Smith. And some of us believe that the world was begun Monday morning, five thousand years ago.

We make mistakes, and repeat them; as Chicago, having had Big Bill Thompson once, re-elects him on a personal issue between Bill and George the Fifth of England. We listen approvingly to business men who tell us that the sole idea animating them is Service. We talk about the separation of Church and State while the Protestant churches of the country are massed behind the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Morals, and Reform.

But give us time. We are a reasonably well-intentioned people, and we mean to do right when we see the right. M. Siegfried admits that we are economically sound. Well, that is a good foundation on which to build a higher form of civilization. When a man isn't pressed for money and has his affairs in good shape, he is ripe for the mellowing influences of the fine arts. And that is the time when the singers and the writers appear.

No one acquainted with our history can doubt our ability to accomplish the thing we set out to do. One of the most exciting chapters in the story of mankind was written in America in the years between Appomattox and the first battle of the Marne. What a time! There were giants in those days. There are epics in those days, too, for the writer drumming his desk for an American theme.

There are nuisances and we shall abate them, as we have abated them in the past. There are demagogues abroad preaching asinine doctrines. We shall abate them, too. Are we slaves of the machine? I am not so sure when I see a factory surrounded by the automobiles of workers. I am less sure when I contrast their working hours with the laborious days of twenty-five, even fifteen years ago. And if we are enslaved—well, we freed some slaves once; we can do it again.

But give us time. When we know what has to be done, and how, and why, we shall do it. Remember, we are not following precedent; we are creating a new kind of society. We hesitate now, and very likely we shall move more slowly in the future. The war drained our emotional reservoir and chilled our idealism. The war did a number of things besides enriching us, as our critics are fond of pointing out. It loosed the Americanizer, raised a number of moribund issues that might have died of inanition otherwise. And it is our treatment of some of them that causes M. Siegfried to set down ironic exclamation marks.

Well, who started the war, anyway?

Windows on the World

(*Continued from page 501*)

is expected to make on reorganization of the national finances. He has completed an extensive tour of northern Mexico with President Calles, which has given him opportunity to see the public works that the Government has under way, and consequently to estimate the prospects for Mexico's economic future. His financial suggestions will be regarded as a test of the policy of the United States towards Mexico for the period of reconstruction on which she is entering after years of revolution and civil war.

MUSSOLINI *is making capital of some Napoleonic souvenirs which the exiling of Bonaparte from France indirectly brought to Italy. Pope Pius VII offered protection to members of the Bonaparte family. They left belongings of historic interest, which the late Count Luigi Primoli, a direct descendant of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, bequeathed to Rome. There the new Napoleon Museum, which now houses them, was opened on the fifth anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome. Mussolini added as his contribution a document to which the Corsican signed his name in the Italian style, "Buonaparte."*

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Is Sleep Only a Bad Habit?

(Continued from page 499)

periments on twenty subjects at the Institute. He makes his observations by using automatic machines attached to the beds of his subjects. These machines, known as Simmons kinetographs, register the number and time of each bodily movement in sleep.

"Most of our twenty subjects reach their period of greatest quiet in sleep within an hour and a half after retiring," reports Dr. Johnson. "There are some exceptions, to be sure, but they are few. Of course, as any one can see, light, noise, and other outside stimuli incidental to the hours of daylight may easily make the daytime less favorable to sleep than the hours of darkness. But, outside of these considerations, it is chiefly the state of one's body which seems to decide when the best rest may be obtained."

The First Hour the Fastest

In a series of experiments designed to determine the depth of sleep, Kohlschutter found that it requires an auditory stimulus approximately eight times as strong to awaken a person at the close of one hour of sleep as it does at the close of the second hour, and a stimulus forty times as strong to awaken a person at the close of the first hour of sleep as at the close of four hours; while it requires a stimulus more than one hundred times as strong to awaken a person at the close of one hour as it does after six hours. These experiments certainly show that sleep has depth as well as length.

Everybody has witnessed an example of a lazy man who sleeps much and a mental genius who sleeps little. While we cannot all be mental geniuses, we can find out by consulting our own feelings just how much or how little sleep we can do with. And some of us will find, if we are honest, that we can get along with much less than we have been accustomed to.

The difference among individuals in the amount of sleep needed is due largely to habit. Some individuals sleep more than they really need to simply because from infancy to the age of ten or twelve they have been forced by parents to stay in bed so much of the time that they have acquired a very firmly established habit of long sleeping.

Our state of mind has a great deal to do with this habit. If we do not get our full eight hours of sleep at night, we are all too ready to blame every ill on lack of sleep. Much of the tired feeling subsequent to going a night without our full quota of sleep exists only in the mind. We think we ought to feel fatigued because we have been up late the night before, consequently we do feel fatigued.

Is fatigue an undesirable state of being, anyway?

"A good deal of nonsense has been written about fatigue, as though it were a condition to be avoided at all costs," says Dr. Johnson. "To be sure, actual exhaustion is a serious matter, but most of us, if we ever reach it, attain it by way of disease, or by worry, or by imagination. Not only is mild fatigue conducive to effective work; it is also an important agent of pleasure. There are few thrills to be compared with the satisfaction which attends discharging the energy of the body cells, and then by food, relaxation, and sleep charging them up again. Such a process means health. The self-indulgent unwittingly deprive themselves of a great deal of pure joy.

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GIRLS' school, 40 years of success, large enrollment, high class. Advanced age of headmistress compels sale. Opportunity for educator. 8,213, Outlook.

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PRINTING. 500 letterheads, 8½x11, $2.50; 1,000, $4.00; half-size letterheads, 1,000, $3.25, good bond; 500 6¾ envelopes, $2.00, 1,000, $3.00, prices include printing. Better grade paper proportionate prices. Small publications a specialty. Rue Pub. Co., Denton, Md.

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

TEACHERS register now for attractive mid-year vacancies. Associated Teachers' Agency, 522 Fifth Ave., New York City.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AO-5842, Washington, D. C.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION or COURIER. University man, traveled extensively, as companion to California, West Indies, anywhere, or would act as courier abroad. 8,144, Outlook.

LADY teacher desires outdoor work, or to join health colony. 8,210, Outlook.

PRIVATE school teacher, 35, with educational and social background, desires position as traveling companion to woman or girl. 8,211, Outlook.

REFINED woman living in California desires position as companion-secretary to lady. Exceptional references. 8,214, Outlook.

WANTED—Part time (New York City) care of children, well or ill, preferably in afternoon or evening, by experienced nurse with best references. 8,216, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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A New Sky Pilot on an Old Trail

(*Continued from page 497*)

quiet its excitement, and show it what to do in the emergency.

WHAT effect does Bell's work have upon the parents of these children? It is eleven o'clock on a Monday morning. He has dropped in upon a new school to see how his assistant is making out. Forty or fifty children are in the room—the auditorium of a lonely frame church. Suddenly the front door bursts open, and a burly miner stalks into the room. He is in sullen anger. He speaks in Finnish, and points to a little boy. Evidently he wants the lad to come out of the school—no religion for his family, not after their experience with churches and clergy in the old country. Quietly the assistant, herself of Finnish birth, steps off the platform and approaches the miner. She speaks to him in his own tongue. He draws back in amazement.

"What, you a Finn?" he cries.

"Yes," she answers, and goes on in Finnish to explain the nature of this school. The expression on the miner's face changes from amazement to incredulity, then to a dawning understanding. In a few moments he turns upon his heel.

"Wait!" he calls back over his shoulder, and stalks out.

Half an hour passes. Again the door opens, less violently now. The big miner has come back—but not alone. He is dragging with him his twelve-year-old daughter to enroll in the school. Bell smiles—a quiet, confident smile.

AND so he goes about his work, through the sun and rain of the short summers and the ice and snow of the long, cold winters. Scrupulous in his appointments, his people know that he will come to them at the hour set for his service. They depend upon him. No blizzard or storm of any kind has yet prevented him. There is no room in his philosophy for denominational competition with any other sect, either Protestant or Catholic. His creed is as broad as love, his program as wide as human need. Before his outpouring of unselfish service the barriers of class hatred and racial misunderstanding, of loneliness and ignorance, are breaking down. His passion for brotherhood furnishes the fire that makes the melting-pot melt.

What does he get out of it? He gets a missionary's microscopic salary. He gets the assurance that he will be called upon at any time of day or night that his people are in distress. But he gets something more than money or comfort could buy. About two years ago his baby died of scarlet fever. Because the death had been by contagious disease, the law required that the burial should be private. The grief-stricken family wended its way alone to the tiny grave and lowered the little coffin into it. Then, as they looked up through their tears, they saw that they were not alone. All about them, at a safe distance, were the circle of their people—scores of them—weeping in silent sympathy.

By the Way

TIMES have changed. The following extract is from a newspaper printed in 1851:

"A couple of daughters of a respectable citizen of Easthampton were examined for admission into the Congregational church, but, having afterwards worn the Bloomer costume, were set aside."

The Bloomer costume of that period was long, baggy trousers reaching to the instep.

"Mother, wouldn't it be nice if we had the tree of evil in our garden?"

"What ever makes you think so?"

"Money's the root of all evil, isn't it? And if we had the tree we could have all we wanted to use."

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.

"Where are you going to take that dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

SIR JAMES PERCY gives the following examples of "bulls" made by famous politicians:

Mr. Gladstone (in the House): "It is no use for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."

Joseph Chamberlain: "The honorable member [Dr. Clark] did not want the truth. He asked for facts."

Mr. Parnell: "Gentlemen, it seems unanimous that we cannot agree."

Ramsay MacDonald: ". . . the empty grave where our ruined industries lie."

Lord Carson: "Mr. Asquith is like a drunken man walking along a straight line—the farther he goes, the sooner he falls!"

A little girl went into a large office building and had her first ride in an elevator.

"How did you like it?" asked her father.

"Why, it was so funny," answered the child. "We went into a little house, and the upstairs came down."

A Negro woman in Emporia, Kans summoned her lawyer the other according to the Emporia "Gazette," start "hokus pokus" proceedings to g her out of jail, where she had be lodged for writing "unanmous" lett

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A WELL-KNOWN pessimist of a We ern town had wrestled with dy pepsia for years. He stood in front c the post office as the noon whistl sounded. "Twelve o'clock, eh?" he sa half to himself and half to an acquain ance. "Well, I'm going home for di ner. If dinner ain't ready, I'm going raise thunder; and if it is ready I going to eat a bite!"

There are more ways than one serve a summons. When Thurston, th magician, invited a committee from th audience one day, a process server wh had been trying in vain for days to ser Thurston with a legal process walked u to the stage and found his opportunity.

OSCAR LUCK has gone broke in E land because he had no luck gambling. Mr. Cuff, of London, h acquired Miss Link as a life pa Thomas Neverstop, of Manchester, jail for speeding through two tra signals. Alfred Waterer, of that sa country, has been accused of selling t milk. It seems that there is somethi in a name.

A letter is sent us which, it is sa was received by a corn-syrup manuf turer:

"Dear Sirs—Tho I have taken s cans of your corn syrup my corns are better now than when I started."

"Jimmy, I wish you would learn be ter manners; you're a regular little pi at the table," said Jimmy's dad. Silenc on Jimmy's part. Then to make it mor impressive, Jimmy's father asked, "D you know what a pig is?" "Yes, sir, Jimmy replied meekly; "it's a hog's litt boy."

Answer to problem in issue of Decen ber 7: Four-letter word ending i "eny:" Deny.

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